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THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN,

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. XVII.

BUTLER, VOL. III. and ROSCOMMON.

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1868, No. 24

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Mortimer del. Hall Sculp.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London March 1st. 1777.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Butler—consummate master, knew
When to recede, and where pursue:
His noble negligences teach
What other toils despair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope:
If, after some distinguish'd leap,
He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
Straight gathering all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his sleight,
And owe your pleasure to your fright.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London:

Printed for Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme; Nichols and Son; J. Walker; Wilkie and Robinson; W. J. and J. Richardson; F. C and J. Rivington; Lackington, Allen, and Co.; R. H. Evans; Cuthell and Martin; Scatcherd and Letterman; Otridge and Son; Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe; R. Faulder; T. Payne; J. Nunn; R. Lea; J. Deighton; J. Johnson; W. Clarke and Sons; W. Lowndes; J. Hatchard; Black and Parry; J. Harding; E. Jeffery; J. Carpenter; W. Miller; Leigh and Sotheby; Payne and Mackinlay; Mathews and Leigh; P. Wynne; J. Booker; and SAMUEL BAGSTER.

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THE ELEPHANT

IN THE

MOON.

A LEARN'D society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed, upon a summer's night,
To search the Moon by her own light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real estate, and personal;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyors stole a shire;
T' observe her country, how 'twas planted,
With what sh' abounded most, or wanted;
And make the proper'st observations
For settling of new plantations,
If the Society should incline
T' attempt so glorious a design.
This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,

This Poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuoso taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

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When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heav'n itself assail,
Was mounted full against the Moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour
To plant an ensign first upon her.
When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoso then in chief,
Approv'd the most profound and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Cry'd, Strange!---then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her thro';
When all the rest began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th'enemy)

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Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people's civiller
Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war:
And now both armies, highly 'nrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done.
  With that a great philosopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Apply'd one eye, and half a nose,
Unto the optic engine close:
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publish in a book,
That men, whose nat'ral eyes are out,
May, by more pow'rful art, be brought
To see with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted.

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This great man, having fixt both sights
To view the formidable fights,
Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,
The battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a sally
Upon the stubborn enemy;
Who now begin to rout and fly.
These silly ranting Privolvans,
Have every summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Raw-head and of Bloody-bones,
As numerous as soland geese
I' th' islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
And vap'ring of their victories.
From th' old Arcadians they're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence translated:
For as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling,
They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,

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And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.
While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' assembly with the Privolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the Moon,
That understood her various soils,
And which produc'd best genet-moyles,
And in the register of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd—
Quoth he, A stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres!
A wonder more unparallel'd,
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the startled beast t' imboss.
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer,
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
Against the Romans, in the field,
It may an argument be held

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(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece)
To prove what this illustrious person
Has made so noble a discourse on,
And amply satisfy'd us all
Of the Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are in the Moon,
Tho' we had now discover'd none,
Is easily made manifest,
Since, from the greatest to the least,
All other stars and constellations
Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
And heav'n, like a Tartar's hoard,
With great and num'rous droves is stor'd:
And if the Moon produce by Nature,
A people of so vast a stature,
'Tis consequent she shou'd bring forth
Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,
(As by the best accounts appears
Of all our great'st discoverers)
And that those monstrous creatures there
Are not such rarities as here.
  Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
Of all particulars o' the fight,
And ev'ry man, with equal care,
Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his int'rest in the glory
Of so miraculous a story;
When one, who for his excellence
In height'ning words and shad'wing sense,

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And magnifying all he writ
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnify'd himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, transported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.
  Most excellent and virtuous Friends,
This great discov'ry makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expence of time and brains:
For, by this sole phænomenon,
We 'ave gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out;
To carry this most virtuous war
Home to the door of every star,
And plant th' artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes;
To stretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fixt stars' vast dimensions,
(Which Archimede, so long ago,
Durst not presume to wish to do)
And prove if they are other suns,
As some have held their opinions,
Or windows in the empyreum,
From whence those bright effluvias come
Like flames of fire (as others guess)
That shine i' the mouths of furnaces

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Nor is this all we have atchiev'd,
But more henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best designs,
Because they're ours, believ'd ill signs.
T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor shall our ablest virtuosos
Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
Nor those devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor those made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our strictest judges, right or wrong;
Nor shall our past misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient score;
No more our making old dogs young
Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;
Nor new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,
Make them suspect our sculls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little,
Nor shall our speculations, whether
An elder-stick, will save the leather
Of school-boys' breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one discovery's enough
To take all former scandals off—
But since the world's incredulous
Of all our scrutinies, and us,

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And with a prejudice prevents
Our best and worst experiments,
(As if they were destin'd to miscarry,
In consort try'd, or solitary)
And since it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur agen,
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact Narrative
Of what we every one can swear
Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
That, when we publish the Account,
We all may take our oaths upon 't.
  This said, they all with one consent
Agreed to draw up th' Instrument,
And, for the gen'ral satisfaction,
To print it in the next Transaction.
But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,
One peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant advance,
And from the west side of the Moon
To th' east was in a moment gone.
This b'ing related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And ev'ry man, amaz'd anew
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race
So monst'rous, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At least as possible as he could,

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And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what he 'ad seen with them.
While all were thus resolv'd, a man
Of great renown there thus began—
'Tis strange, I grant! but who can say
What cannot be, what can, and may?
Especially at so hugely vast
A distance as this wonder's plac'd,
Where the least error of the sight
May show things false, but never right;
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublunary proof;
For who can say that Nature there
Has the same laws she goes by here?
Nor is it like she has infus'd,
In every species there produc'd,
The same efforts she does confer
Upon the same productions here,
Since those with us, of several nations,
Have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so much to use
Variety in all she does.
Hence may b' inferr'd that, tho' I grant
We 've seen i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may differ so
From those upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,
As being of a diff'rent breed,
That tho' our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,

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And yet be Elephants, no less
Than those of Indian pedigrees.
  This said, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,
And learnedly observ'd by you;
But there's another reason for't,
That falls but very little short
Of mathematic demonstration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—As the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster spaces may be past
In less time than the beast has gone,
Tho' he 'ad no motion of his own,
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t'a nobler inference,
And make this great phænomenon
(Were there no other) serve alone
To clear the grand hypothesis
Of the motion of the earth from this.
With this they all were satisfy'd,
As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,
Applauded the profound dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute.

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By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And to complete their Narrative,
Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.
  But while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The foot-boys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure;
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on had done,
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practise what they see;
When one. whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, discover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, A little thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye.
  This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guess
At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant
Than all their hints of th' Elephant,

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And found upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true;
For he had scarce apply'd his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint,
Was swell'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore
A silly mouse, this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
  Meanwhile the rest in consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
T' attest the truth of what they'ad writ,
When this accurs'd phænomenon
Confounded all they'ad said or done:
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But they all were in a tumult strait,
More furiously enrag'd by far,
Than those that in the Moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agree'd t' have seen't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obstructed with a paltry doubt:
When one, whose task was to determin,
And solve th' appearances of vermin,

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Who'ad made profound discoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice,
(Tho' not so curious, 'tis true,
As many a wise rat-catcher knew)
After he had with signs made way
For something great he had to say;
————This disquisition
Is, half of it, in my discission;
For tho' the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs of right to all the rest,
The mouse b'ing but a vermin, none
Has title to but I alone;
And therefore hope I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.
It is no wonder we're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the Town,
That rants, and swears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If ev'ry one have leave to doubt,
When some great secret's half made out;
And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
Obstruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,
If nothing else but truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do:
For Truth is too reserv'd and nice,
T' appear in mix'd societies;
Delights in solit'ry abodes,
And never shews herself in crowds;

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A sullen little thing, below
All matters of pretence and show;
That deal in novelty, and change,
Not of things true, but rare and strange,
To treat the world with what is fit
And proper to its nat'ral wit:
The world, that never sets esteem
On what things are, but what they seem,
And if they be not strange and new,
They're ne'er the better for b'ing true,
For what has mankind gain'd by knowing
His little truth, but his undoing,
Which wisely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his good forbidden?
And therefore with great prudence does
The world still strive to keep it close;
For if all secret truths were known,
Who would not be once more undone?
For truth has always danger in't,
And here, perhaps, may cross some hint
We have already agreed upon,
And vainly frustrate all we've done,
Only to make new works for Stubs,
And all the academic clubs.
How much, then, ought we have a care
That no man know above his share,
Nor dare to understand, henceforth,
More than his contribution's worth;
That those who've purchas'd of the college
A share, or half a share, of knowledge,

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And brought in none, but spent repute,
Should not b' admitted to dispute,
Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend comes to?
For partners have been always known
To cheat their public int'rest prone,
And if we do not look to ours,
'Tis sure to run the self-same course.
  This said, the whole assembly allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,
And, from the truth of what they'ad heard,
Resolv'd to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find, or make it such:
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious pains and doubt
To find, or think t' have found, her out.
  This b'ing resolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Mouse, and Moon;
But still the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unsatisfy'd,
In no one thing they saw agreeing,
As if they'ad sev'ral faiths of seeing.
Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they'ad seen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One syllable of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true Elephant's proboscis.

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Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' the two to favour,
And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of th' Elephant or Mouse.
Some held no way so orthodox
To try it as the ballot-box,
And like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,
And, for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the Transaction,
And after explicate the rest,
As they should find cause for the best.
To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent,
But ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the first phænomenon:
For, at the end, prodigious swarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all past muster, by mischance,
Both for the Sub- and Privolvans.
This b'ing discover'd, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
Asham'd that men so grave and wise
Should be chaldes'd by knats and flies,
And take the feeble insects' swarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;
As vain as those who, when the Moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,

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Threw casting nets as subtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water.
But when they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where th' impostor was,
And saw the Mouse, that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone,
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful, instead of true,
That in their speculations chuse
To make discoveries strange news,
And nat'ral hist'ry a Gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-set;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and over-grown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please,
In vain strive Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

V. 509. 510.] From this moral application of the whole, one may observe that the Poet's real intention, in this satire, was not to ridicule real and useful philosophy, but only that conceited and whimsical taste for the marvellous and surprizing which prevailed so much among the learned of that age: and though it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the many useful improvements then made in natural knowledge, yet, in justice to the satirist, it must be confessed that these curious inquirers into Nature did sometimes, in their researches, run into a superstitious and unphilosophical credulity, which deserved very well to be laughed at.

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THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE *.

A VIRTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late
The pride and glory of a foreign state,
Made an agreement on a summer's night,
To search the Moon at full by her own light;
To take a perfect invent'ry of all
Her real fortunes, or her personal,
And make a geometrical survey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyor's said t' have sunk a shire;
T' observe her country's climate, how't was planted,
And what she most abounded with, or wanted;
And draw maps of her prop'rest situations
For settling, and erecting new plantations,

* After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took into his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper; and though in most places the Poet has done little more than fill'd up the verse with an additional foot, preserving the same thought and rhyme, yet as it is a singular instance in its way, and has, besides, many considerable additions and variations, which tend to illustrate and explain the preceeding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curiosity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objections of those who may think it inserted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler I am sure no apology is necessary.

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If ever the Society should incline
T' attempt so great and glorious a design:
'A task in vain, unless the German Keplet
'Had found out a discovery to people her,
'And stock her country with inhabitants
'Of military men and Elephants:
'For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
'Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,
'Till he appear'd; for which, some write, she sent
'Upon his tribe as strange a punishment.'
This was the only purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time and place most fitting.
When, at the full, her equal shares of light
And influence were at their greatest height.
And now the lofty telescope, the scale,
By which they venture heav'n itself t' assail,
Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,
And all the rest stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should bear away the honour
To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.
When one, who for his solid deep belief
Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,
Had been approv'd the most profound and wise
At solving all impossibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optic glass his penetrating eye,
Cry'd out, O strange! then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his art and might,

v. 17.] This and the following verse, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition; and are distinguish'd, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed in inverted commas.

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And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,
As if he meant to stare and gaze her thro',
While all the rest began as much t' admire,
And like a powder-train, from him took fire,
Surpriz'd with dull amazement beforehand,
At what they would, but could not understand,
And grew impatient to discover what
The matter was they so much wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the sun shines hottest about noon
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they use to fortify
Against the sun-beams and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Because the inhabitants are civiller
Than those rude country peasants that are found,
Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground,
Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in state of open war.
And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain,
As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain.
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May see his share before the battle's done.
At this a famous great philosopher,
Admir'd; and celebrated, far and near
As one of wondrous singular invention,
And equal universal comprehension,

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'By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,
'For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,
'An universal canting idiom,
'To understand the swinging pendulum,
'And to communicate, in all designs,
'With th' Eastern virtuosi Mandarines,'
Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,
To th' end and centre of the engine close:
For he had very lately undertook
To vindicate, and publish in a book;
That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,
May by more admirable art be brought
To see with empty holes, as well and plain
As if their eyes had been put in again.
This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight
T' observe the bloody formidable fight,
Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
And from their trenches valiantly sally,
To fall upon the stubborn enemy,
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
These paltry domineering Privolvans
Have, every summer-season, their campaigns,
And muster, like the military sons
Of Raw-head and victorious Bloody-bones,
As great and numerous as soland geese
I' th' summer-islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a dreadful stand.
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,

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Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,
And then disband, and march in triumph home.
And spend the rest of all the year in lies,
And vap'ring of their unknown victories.
From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd;
And, when her orb was first of all created,
To be from thence, to people her, translated:
For as those people had been long reputed,
Of all the Peloponnesians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
T' endure the civil life but fiddling,
They ever since retain the antique course,
And native frenzy of their ancestors,
And always use to sing and fiddle to
Things of the most important weight they do.
While thus the virtuoso entertains
The whole assembly with the Privolvans,
'Another sophist, but of less renown,
'Tho' longer observation of the Moon,'
That understood the diff'rence of her soils.
And which produc'd the fairest genet-moyles,
'But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension
'Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention.'

v. 121, 122.] In the shorter verse it stands thus:

Another of as great renown,
And solid judgment in the Moon.

And though the variation in words is but small, it makes a considerable difference in the character.

v. 125, 126.] These two verses are inserted instead of the following in the other copy in short measure.:

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Who, after poring tedious and hard
In th' optic engine, gave a start, and star'd,
And thus began—A stranger sight appears;
Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres;
A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld;
A mighty Elephant from one of those
Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,
And with the desp'rate horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright:
Look quickly, lest the only sight of us
Should cause the startled creature to imboss.
It is a large one, and appears more great
Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet;
From which we confidently may infer,
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,
Against the Roman army in the field,
It may a valid argument be held,
(The same Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)

And in the register of Fame,
Had enter'd his long-living name.

The Poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards cross'd them out.

And first found out the building Paul's
And paving London with sea-coals.

I transcribe them to gratify the curiosity of such as are desirous to investigate who the particular persons are that are designed by these characters.

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To vindicate what this illustrious person
Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on,
And giv'n us ample satisfaction all
Of th' ancient Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are really in the Moon,
Altho' our fortune had discover'd none,
Is easily made plain and manifest,
Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,
All other globes of stars and constellations
Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations,
And heaven, like a northern Tartar's hoard,
With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd:
And if the moon can but produce by Nature
A people of so large and vast a stature,
'Tis more than probable she should bring forth
A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth;
As by the best accounts we have, appears
Of all our crediblest discoverers,
And that those vast and monstrous creatures there
Are not such far-fet rarities as here.
Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a sight
Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight,
And every man, with diligence and care,
Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his equal int'rest in the glory
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story,
When one, who for his fame and excellence
In heightening of words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he ever writ
With delicate and microscopic wit,

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Had long been magnify'd himself no less
In foreign and domestic colleges,
Began at last (transported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.
  Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,
This great discov'ry fully makes amends
For all our former unsuccessful pains
And lost expences of our time and brains;
For by this admirable phænomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass t' engage and hold dispute
With all the other planets that stand out,
And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,
And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
Against the proudest of their magnitudes;
To stretch our future victories beyond
The uttermost of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,
To prove if they are other suns or not,
As some philosophers have wisely thought,
Or only windows in the empyreum,
Thro' which those bright effluvias use to come
Which Archimede, so many years ago,
Durst never venture but to wish to know.

v. 203, 204.] These two lines are here inserted in a different and better place than they were in the shorter verse, where they made a sort of parenthesis, and the two following lines are also omitted:

Like flames of fire as others guess,
That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.

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Nor is this all that we have now atchiev'd,
But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd;
And have no more our best, or worst designs,
Because they're ours, suspected for ill signs.
T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosos
Prove arguments again for coffee-houses;
' Nor little stories gain belief among
' Our criticalest judges, right or wrong:"
Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us in 'em without law;
' Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,
' Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries:
' No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)
' With butter only harden'd in the sun;
' Or men that use to whistle loud enough
' To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
' Cause all the rest, we own and have avow'd,
' To be believ'd as desperately loud.'
Nor shall our future speculations, whether
An elder-stick will render all the leather
Of school-boys' breeches proof against the rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.
This one discovery will prove enough
To take all past and future scandals off:

v. 218.] In this latter part of the speech, Butler makes a considerable variation, by adding, omitting, and altering, which it would be both tedious and unnecessary minutely to point out, as the reader may so easily compare the two Poems.

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But since the world is so incredulous
Of all our usual scrutinies and us,
And with a constant prejudice prevents
Our best as well as worst experiments,
As if they were all destin'd to miscarry,
As well in concert try'd as solitary;
And that th' assembly is uncertain when
Such great discov'ries will occur agen,
'Tis reas'nable we should, at least, contrive
To draw up as exact a Narrative
Of that which every man of us can swear
Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,
That when 'tis fit to publish the Account,
We all may take our several oaths upon't.
  This said, the whole assembly gave consent
To drawing up th' authentic Instrument,
And, for the nation's gen'ral satisfaction,
To print and own it in their next Transaction:
But while their ablest men were drawing up
The wonderful Memoir o' th' telescope,
A member peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,
That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone.
This b'ing related, gave a sudden stop
To all their grandees had been drawing up,
And ev'ry person was amaz'd a-new,
How such a strange surprisal should be true,
Or any beast perform so great a race,
So swift and rapid, in so short a space,

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Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they could,
And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,
Than question what they had beheld with them.
While ev'ry one was thus resolv'd, a man
Of great esteem and credit thus began.
'Tis strange, I grant! but who, alas! can say
What cannot be, or justly can, and may?
Especially at so hugely wide and vast
A distance as this miracle is plac'd,
Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
May render things amiss, but never right?
Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,
By any equal sublunary proof:
For who can justify that Nature there
Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here?
Nor is it probable she has infus'd
Int' ev'ry species in the Moon produc'd,
The same efforts she uses to confer
Upon the very same productions here,
Since those upon the earth, of several nations,
Are found t' have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so constantly to use
Variety in every thing she does.
From hence may be inferr'd that, tho' I grant
We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may chance to differ so
From those with us upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,
As being of a different kind and breed,

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That tho' 'tis true our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be very Elephants, no less
Than those deriv'd from Indian families.
This said, another member of great worth,
Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
'In which the mannerly and modest author
'Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,'
Look'd wise a while, then said—All this is true,
And very learnedly observ'd by you;
But there's another nobler reason for't,
That rightly observ'd, will fall but little short
Of solid mathematic demonstration,
Upon a full and perfect calculation;
And that is only this—As th' earth and moon
Do constantly move contrary upon
Their several axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot fail to be
So violent, and naturally fast,
That larger distances may well be past
In less time than the Elephant has gone,
Altho' he had no motion of his own,
Which we on earth can take no measure of,
As you have made it evident by proof.
This granted, we may confidently hence
Claim title to another inference,
And make this wonderful phænomenon
(Were there no other) serve our turn alone
To vindicate the grand hypothesis,
And prove the motion of the earth from this,

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This said, th' assembly now was satisfy'd,
As men are soon upon the bias'd side;
With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,
And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out.
Resolving to complete their Narrative,
And punctually insert this strange retrieve,
But while their grandees were diverted all
With nicely wording the Memorial,
The foot-boys, for their own diversion, too,
As having nothing, now at all to do,
And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure,
'With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity,
'That take delight to practise all they see,'
Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on before had done:
When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,
Saw something in the lofty engine creep,
And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
Than all their masters hit upon before.
Quoth he, O strange! a little thing is slunk
On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so slow and nigh,
I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.
This chancing to be overheard by one
Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown
In any philosophic observation,
As to conclude with mere imagination,

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And yet he made immediately a guess
At fully solving all appearances
A plainer way, and more significant
Than all the hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant,
And quickly found, upon a second view,
His own conjecture, probably, most true;
For he no sooner had apply'd his eye
To th' optic engine, but immediately
He found a small field-mouse was gotten in
The hollow telescope, and, shut between
The two glass windows, closely in restraint,
Was magnify'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion
Of all this deep and learned dissertation.
And as a mighty mountain heretofore,
Is said t' have been begot with child, and bore
A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,
Produc'd another mountain in exchange.
Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,
Had finish'd the miraculous Narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,
T' attest and vouch the truth of all they'ad writ,
When this unfortunate phænomenon
Confounded all they had declar'd and done:
For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at,
But all the rest were in a tumult strait,
More hot and furiously enrag'd by far,
Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,

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To find so rare and admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen 't,
And had engag'd themselves to make it out,
Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
When one, whose only task was to determin
And solve the worst appearances of vermin,
Who oft had made profound discoveries
In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,
(Tho' not so curious and exact, 'tis true,
As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew)
After he had a while with signs made way
For something pertinent he had to say,
At last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition
Is, the one half of it, in my discission;
For tho' 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs, of nat'ral right, to all the rest,
The Mouse, that's but a paltry vermin, none
Can claim a title to but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
In my own province, freely, with regard.
  It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
And made the table-talk of all the town,
That rants and vapours still, for all our great
Designs and projects, we've done nothing yet,
If every one have liberty to doubt,
When some great secret's more than half made out,
Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.

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As no great action ever has been done,
Nor ever's like to be, by truth alone,
If nothing else but only truth w' allow;
'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do;
" For Truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,
" T' indure to be by all the Town embrac'd;
" A solitary anchorite, that dwells
" Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,"
Disdains all great assemblies, and defies
The press and crowd of mix'd societies,
That use to deal in novelty and change;
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,
To entertain the world with what is fit
And proper for its genius and its wit;
The world, that's never found to set esteem
On what things are, but what th' appear and seem;
And if they are not wonderful and new,
They're ne'er the better for their being true.
' For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
' Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,
' A greediness and gluttony o' the brain,
' That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
' And grows more desp'rate, like the worst diseases
' Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?'
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truths, unless his own undoing,
That prudently by Nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden,
And therefore with as great discretion does
The world endeavour still to keep it close;

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For if the secrets of all truths were known,
Who would not, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in't,
As here it has depriv'd us of a hint
The whole assembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all we'ad done,
'By giving foot-boys leave to interpose,
'And disappoint whatever we propose;'
For nothing but to cut our work for Stubs,
And all the busy academic clubs;
'For which they have deserv'd to run the risks
'Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks.'
How much, then, ought we have a special care
That none presume to know above his share,
Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,
More than his weekly contribution's worth,
That all those that have purchas'd of the college,
A half, or but a quarter share, of knowledge,
And brought none in themselves but spent repute,
Should never be admitted to dispute,
Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to?
For partners have perpetually been known
T' impose upon their public int'rest prone;
And if we have not greater care of ours,
It will be sure to run the self-same course.
This said, the whole Society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox and good,
And from th' apparent truth of what they'ad heard,
Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,

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But what was for their interests to vouch,
And either find it out, or make it such:
That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,
To find, or but suppose t' have found it out.
This b'ing resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Elephant; and Moon;
But still the more and curiouser they pry'd,
They but became the more unsatisfy'd,
In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,
As if they'ad different principles of seeing.
Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
That all they had beheld before was true,
And damn'd themselves they never would recant
One syllable they had seen of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true nat'ral Elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt as much, and waver,
Uncertain which to disallow or favour;
'Until they had as many cross resolves,
'As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,'
And grew distracted, whether to espouse
The party of the Elephant or Mouse.
Some held there was no way so orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,
And, like some other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:
Others were of opinion 'twas more fit
T' unmount the telescope, and open it,

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And, for their own and all men's satisfaction,
To search and re-examine the Transaction,
And afterwards to explicate the rest,
As they should see occasion for the best.
To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly freely gave consent;
But ere the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the first phænomenon:
For at the upper end, prodigious swarms
Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all past muster in the glass by chance,
For both the Peri- and the Subvolvans.
This b'ing discover'd, once more put them all
Into a worse and desperater brawl,
Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise
Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,
And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
For squadrons and reserves of men in arms:
As politic as those who, when the Moon
As bright and glorious in a river shone,
Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,
To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.
But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where the sly impostor was,
And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap
Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap,

v. 521, 522.] Butler, to compliment his Mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, has, to the end of this Poem, subjoined the following epigrammatical note.

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Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted
To find themselves so openly convicted,
Immediately made haste to get them gone,
With none but this discovery alone,—
That learned men, who greedily pursue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their nicest speculations, chuse
To make their own discoveries strange news,
And nat'ral hist'ry rather a Gazette
Of rarities stupendous and far-fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not strongly vast and overgrown,
And strive to explicate appearances,
Not as they're probable, but as they please,
In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

A mouse, whose martial valour has so long
Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,
And purchas'd him more everlasting glory
Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,
Tho' he appears unequal match'd, I grant,
In bulk and stature by the Elephant,
Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle
To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,
When, having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout,
The little vermin, like an errant-knight,
Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

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A SATIRE UPON THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

A FRAGMENT *.

A LEARNED man, whom once a week
A hundred virtuosoes seek,
And like an oracle apply to,
T' ask questions, and admire, and lye to,
Who entertain'd them all of course
(As men take wives for better or worse)
And past them all for men of parts,
Tho' some but sceptics in their hearts;
For when they're cast into a lump,
Their talents equally must jump;
As metals mixt, the rich and base
Do both at equal values pass.
With these the ord'nary debate
Was after news, and things of state,

* Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongst his papers, fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain: the Fragment, however, that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding poem: and, I am persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's turn and humour, will think this too curious a Fragment to be lost, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally published.

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Which way the dreadful comet went
In sixty-four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail?
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt?
What wars and plagues in Christendom
Have happen'd since, and what to come?
What kings are dead, how many queens
And princesses are poison'd since?
And who shall next of all by turn
Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?
What parties next of foot or horse
Will rout, or routed be, of course?
What German marches, and retreats
Will furnish the next month's Gazettes?
What pestilent contagion next,
And what part of the world, infects?
What dreadful meteor, and where
Shall in the heavens next appear?
And when again shall lay embargo
Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo?
Why currents turn in seas of ice
Some thrice a day, and some but twice?
And why the tides at night and noon,
Court, like Caligula, the Moon?
What is the nat'ral cause why fish
That always drink, do never piss?
Or whether in their home, the deep,
By night or day they ever sleep?

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If grass be green, or snow be white,
But only as they take the light?
Whether the possessions of the devil,
Or mere temptations do most evil?
What is't that makes all fountains still
Within the earth to run up hill,
But on the outside down again,
As if th' attempt had been in vain?
Or what's the strange magnetic cause
The steel or loadstone's drawn, or draws;
The star,—the needle, which the stone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the North-star's influence
With both does hold intelligence?
(For red-hot iron, held t'wards the pole,
Turns of itself to't when 'tis cool:)
Or whether male and female screws
In th' iron and stone th' effect produce?
What makes the body of the sun,
That such a rapid course does run,
To draw no tail behind thro' th' air,
As comets do, when they appear,
Which other planets cannot do,
Because they do not burn, but glow?
Whether the Moon be sea or land,
Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand;
Or if the dark holes that appear,
Are only pores, not cities there?
Whether the atmosphere turn round,
And keep a just pace with the ground,

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Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with gusts of wind?
Or whether crescents in the wane,
(For so an author has it plain)
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their snuffs upon the edge of day?
Whether the sea increase, or waste,
And, if it do, how long 'twill last?
Or if the sun approaches near
The earth, how soon it will be there?
These were their learned speculations,
And all their constant occupations,
To measure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a square!
To make a powder of the sun,
By which all doctors shou'd b' undone;
To find the north-west passage out,
Altho' the farthest way about;
If chemists from a rose's ashes
Can raise the rose itself in glasses?
Whether the line of incidence
Rise from the object, or the sense?
To stew th' elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith;
To explicate, by subtle hints,
The grain of diamonds and flints,
And in the braying of an ass
Find out the treble and the bass:
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapason low—

* * * * * *

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REPARTEES

BETWEEN

CAT AND PUSS

AT A CATERWAULING.

In the modern Heroic way.

It was about the middle age of night,
When half the earth stood in the other's light,
And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave weary'd Nature a restorative,
When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
And sporting on delightful faggot piles;
Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,
As ladies use at midnight in the Park,
Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For assignations in th' affairs of love.
At once his passion was both false and true,
And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
He'd fancy that he heard those am'rous charms
That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,

Repartees.] This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our Author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain, as one may perceive that will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, and others.

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To which he always brought an equal flame,
To fight a rival, or to court a dame;
And as in dreams love's raptures are more taking
Than all their actual enjoyments waking,
His am'rous passion grew to that extreme,
His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
Thought he, what place is this? or whither art
Thou vanish'd from me, mistress of my heart?
But now I had her in this very place,
Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
And while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither, thou'rt escap'd:
Stay, and I'll follow thee——With that he leapt
Up from the lazy couch on which he slept,
And, wing'd with passion, thro' his known purlieu,
Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,
Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd
Where many an assignation he' ad enjoy'd;
Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,
That long had stay'd and call'd before he came,
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd.
C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
Canst, thou at once, both injure and caress?
P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.

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C. He that does love would set his heart a-tilt,
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.
P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within:
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin;
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause.
C. How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,
Had it not first been by your own betray'd?
Hence 'tis my greatest crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but yours) in being seen.
P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
C. That's worse than making cruelty a sport.
P. Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,
That sets it off to a more noble height.
C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.
P. Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.
C. But grows intolerable if it last.
P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.
What knight durst ever own a lover's name,
That had not been half murther'd by his flame?
Or lady, that had never lain at stake,
To death, or force of rivals for his sake?
C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Disdain's the only med'cine for disdain.
P. At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.
C. Prepost'rous way of pleasure and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move!

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'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy;
Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.
P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.
C. He never lov'd at any gen'rous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate.
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,
So should fruition do the lover's fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.
P. What greater proof that passion does transport,
When what I would die for I'm forc'd to hurt?
C. Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,
And far below a sullen humour priz'd,
That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds:
But since you understand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.
P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love.
C. The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, tho' they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Tho' thro' the tend'rest part of all, the eye;
But your sharp claws have left enough to shew
How tender I have been, how cruel you.
P. Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.
C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
P. What you like best, you always disapprove.

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C. He that will wrong his love will not be nice,
T' excuse the wrong he does to wrong her twice.
P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.
C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.
P. When you mistake that for an injury
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.
C. You do not feel yourself the pain you give:
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
That can be cruel where you own a flame.
P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;
For while you stifle and inflame desire,
You burn, and starve me in the self-same fire.
C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't;
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

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TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, Esq.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF THE

BRITISH PRINCES.*

SIR,

You have oblig'd the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than brass or marble to their frame have rear'd;
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own:
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted at a nobler height.
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Describ'd their customs and their rites anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled their dark oracle as well
As those themselves that made them could foretel:
For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,

* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles II.'s reign addressed this gentleman in a bantering way upon his poem called *The British Princes*, and, among the rest, Butler.

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You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in this poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men;
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove:
For as eternity has neither past
Nor future, (authors say) nor first, nor last,
But is all instant, your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracle of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better busied head
T' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead?
For since you have such arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude.
There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense that understands it here.

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A PALINODIE

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, Esq.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF THE

BRITISH PRINCES.

It is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper sues;
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit;
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
But such is her belief in your just candor,
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
Of silly emulation or offence.
No: your sufficient wit does still declare
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and senseless a presumption own
To yoke your vast parts in comparison:
And yet you might have thought upon a way
T' instruct us how you'd have us to obey,
And not command our praises, and then blame
All that's too great or little for your fame:
For who could chuse but err, without some trick
To take your elevation to a nick?

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As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth to fit it right;
So, had you sent a scantling of your wit,
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge renown:
For he that writes below your vast desert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art.
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close
To the person 'tis made for, but wide and loose;
Derives its comeliness in b'ing unfit,
And such have been our praises of your wit,
Which is so extraordinary, no height
Of fancy but your own can do it right:
Witness those glorious poems you have writ
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And those stupendious discoveries
You 'ave lately made of wonders in the skies:
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere?
Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about *vacuum?*
What should confine those undetermin'd crowds,
And yet extend no further than the clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A sign and an ascendant were all one?
Or how 'tis possible the moon should shrowd
Her face to peep at Mars behind a cloud,

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Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?
Who ever did a language so enrich,
To scorn all little particles of speech?
For tho' they make the sense clear, yet they're found
To be a scurvy hind'rance to the sound;
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,
Or for the sense's sake to wave the rumble.
Had Homer known this art, he'ad ne'er been fain
To use so many particles in vain,
That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps
To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.
You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those
Which in construction you o'ersee and lose;
And by this art do Priscian no wrong
When you break's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
These are your own discoveries, which none
But such a Muse as yours could hit upon,
That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the schools:
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honest men and true?
He that's a prince in poetry should strive
To cry' em down by his prerogative,
And not submit to that which has no force
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.
Your poems will endure to be *well* try'd
I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd;

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Can only to eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any end.
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But those you write are always sold by weight;
Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
And valued to a scruple in the sale.
For when the paper's charg'd with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purposes and uses fit,
Has an abstersive virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in man obscene.
Boys find b' experiment, no paper kite,
Without your verse, can make a noble flight.
It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet;
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it:
For burning but one leaf of yours, they say,
Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.
Cooks keep their pyes from burning with your wit,
Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit;
And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,
When ars'nick's only wrapp'd up in the verse.
These are the great performances that raise
Your mighty parts above all reach of praise,
And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,
Whose wond'rous pow'r 's so generally known,
Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

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A PANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS.*

SIR you'ave outliv'd so desperate a fit
As none could do but an immortal wit:
Had yours been less, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away tho' on a less sick brain;
But you were so far from receiving hurt,
You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.
As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
And burn himself in his own country's spice,
A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,
Which after does to a young phœnix turn:
So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
Did life renew'd, and vig'rous youth acquire;
And with so much advantage, some have guest
Your after-wit is like to be your best.
And now expect far greater matters of ye
Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd
Sophy;

* It must surprise the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is indeed some room for satire: but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but by some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addison.

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Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,
Like those he made himself, or not much worse;
And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime,
Such as you cheat the king with, botch'd in rhyme.
Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride,
And native insolence quite laid aside;
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont,
All, that you durst with safety, to affront.
No China cupboard rudely overthrown,
Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down:
No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,
With verses forty times more lewd than his:
Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
And hold it out, where you had built a sconce;
Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
For asking what in fruit and love you'ad scor'd;
But all civility and complacence,
More than you ever us'd before or since.
Beside, you never over-reach the King
One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
Nor brought in false accompt, with little tricks
Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks;
False mustering of workmen by the day,
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay
For those that never liv'd; all which did come,
By thrifty management to no small sum.
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,

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As you were wont, till all you built appear'd
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd;
For had the stones (like his) charm'd by your verse,
Built up themselves, they could not have done worse:
And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,
You did design to do't no other way.
All this was done before those days began
In which you were a wise and happy man:
For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,
Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes?
Who ever greater treasure could command,
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
Or all those practis'd upon public money?
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
For ever are you bound to curse those quacks
That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
For tho' no art can ever make them sound,
The tamp'ring cost you threescore thousand pound.
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and lost,
Yet been no more undone by being choust,
Nor forc'd upon the King's account to lay
All that, in serving him, you lost at play?
For nothing but your brain was ever found
To suffer sequestration, and compound.
Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,
For all you then laid out at Beast or Gleek;

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And when you 'ave rais'd a sum, strait let it fly,
By understanding low, and vent'ring high;
Until you have reduc'd it down to tick,
And then recruit again from lime and brick.

UPON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF

MODERN PLAYS

PRECISELY BY THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS *.

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,—
When it is once found Idiot by a jury,
And every pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic licence over-rule;
Assume a barb'rous tyranny, to handle
The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;
Make them submit to verdict and report,
And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?
Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary
Proceedings of a witless plagiary,
That forges old records and ordinances
Against the right and property of fancies,

* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, Historiographer to Charles II. who censured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's.---The cold, severe critic, may perhaps find some few inaccuracies to censure in this composition; but the reader of taste will either overlook or pardon them for the sake of the spirit that runs through it.

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More false and nice than weighing of the weather
To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,
Or measuring of air upon Parnassus,
With cylinders of Torricellian glasses;
Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,
Back to its antique theatre, a cart,
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
Of rev'rend choruses and episodes;
Reform and regulate a puppet-play,
According to the true and ancient way,
That not an actor shall presume to squeak,
Unless he have a licence for 't in Greek;
Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in
Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin:
No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,
Unless it be in order to raise pity;
Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd,
Unless some god or dæmon chance t' have piques
Against an ancient family of Greeks;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How such a fatal progeny they 're born in;
For none but such for Tragedy are fitted,
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd;
And only those held proper to deter,
Who 'ave had th' ill luck against their wills to err.
Whence only such as are of middling sizes,
Between morality and venial vices,
Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by Fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.

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As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree,
And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t'ensnare the weak,
And give diversion to the great to break;
To make a less delinquent to be brought
To answer for a greater person's fault,
And suffer all the worst the worst approver
Can, to excuse and save himself, discover.
No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind;
To punish in effigy criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false;
But a club-law to execute and kill,
For nothing, whomsoe'er they please, at will,
To terrify spectators from committing
The crimes they did, and suffer'd for, unwitting.
These are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age;
On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,
As th'other did all law and conscience;
No better than the laws of British plays,
Confirm'd in th'ancient good King Howell's days,
Who made a gen'ral council regulate
Men's catching women by the—you know what,
And set down in the rubric at what time
It should be counted legal, when a crime,
Declare when 'twās, and when 'twas not a sin,
And on what days it went out or came in.
An English poet should be try'd b' his peers,
And not by pedants and philosophers,

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Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury;
Besides the most intolerable wrong
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or Tales falser than Euripides;
When not an English native dares appear
To be a witness for the prisoner;
When all the laws they use t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic scruples,
And by th' advice of virtuosi Tuscans,
Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins;
Gave judgment on all past and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's case,
Which Lope Vega first began to steal,
And after him the French filou Corneille;
And since our English plagiaries nim,
And steal their far-fet criticisms from him,
And by an action falsely laid of Trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover;
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,
Who for a few misprisions of wit,
Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit;
And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censur'd for 't with more unlucky sense;
When all their worst miscarriages delight,
And please more than the best that pedants write.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

ACTED BEFORE THE

DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTH-DAY *.

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,
That gave them earnest of so great a sum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,
And which you have discharg'd at such a rate,
That all succeeding times must celebrate,
We, that subsist by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to present you, our own way,
With all we have, (beside our hearts,) a play.
But as devoutest men can pay no more
To deities than what they gave before,
We bring you only what your great commands
Did rescue for us from ingrossing hands,
That would have taken out administration
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;

* It is pretty remarkable that, amongst such a variety of performances of our Poet's, this, and the Epilogue that follows, should be the only ones in the complimenting strain, and I dare say every reader will observe, with a smile, how soon, even in this, he deserts the region of panegyric, to resume his natural turn of satirical drollery upon the critics.

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Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,
And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,
But that your justice put a stop to it.
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
T' admit of all who now write new and bad;
For still the wickeder some authors write,
Others to write worse are encourag'd by't;
And tho' those fierce inquisitors of wit,
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,
But just as tooth-draw'rs find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by't.
Small poetry, like other heresies,
By being persecuted multiplies;
But here they 're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long since,
And not within their power; for bears are said
To spare those that lie still and seem but dead.

EPILOGUE

TO THE DUCHESS.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM! the joys of this great day are due,
No less than to your royal Lord, to you;

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And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
You have what's greater than them all, his heart,
That heart, that when it was his country's guard,
The fury of two elements out-dar'd,
And made a stubborn haughty enemy
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
Appear no less victorious than his arms,
For which you oft have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come Heav'n grant you may.
But as great princes use, in solemn times
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
If we have sinn'd without an ill-intent,
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly ask your pardon for 't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

UPON PHILIP NYE's

THANKSGIVING BEARD *.

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place;

* As our Poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses upon *this* trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankless office to give the reader some further information about him, than what merely relates to his *beard*. He was educated at Oxford, first in Brasen-nose College, and afterwards in Magd.

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The fringe and tassel of a countenance,
That hides his person from another man's,
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
Is never worn until his perfect growth;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a nat'ral mask upon his face,
That shifts its likeness every day he wears,
To fit some other person's characters,
And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in some disguise.
This satisfy'd a rev'rend man, that clear'd
His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.
He 'ad been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
Were turn'd to officers of horse, and zealots,
From whom he held the most pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and sal'ries;

Hall, where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament, and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit up the cause of the Covenant, in defence of which he writ several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side; and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire.

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Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,
That sounded charges to their fiercest combats,
But in the desperatest of defeats
Had never blown, as opportune, retreats,
Until the Synod order'd his departure
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To sit among them, as he had been chosen,
And pass or null things at his own disposing;
Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,
And for their fees discharge and let them out,
Which made some grandees bribe him with the place
Of holding-forth upon Thanksgiving-days,
Whither the Members, two and two abreast,
March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast,
But by the way repeated the oh-hones
Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones;
His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
He practis'd only t' animate the Cause,
With which the Sisters were so prepossest,
They could remember nothing of the rest.
He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put
His Beard into as wonderful a cut,
And, for the further service of the women,
T' abate the rigidness of his opinion;
And, but a day before, had been to find
The ablest virtuoso of the kind,
With whom he long and seriously conferr'd
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;

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By whose advice he sate for a design
In little drawn, exactly to a line,
That if the creature chance to have occasion
To undergo a thorough reformation,
It might be borne conveniently about,
And by the meanest artist copy'd out.
This done, he sent a journeyman sectary
He' ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch and carry,
To find out one that had the greatest practice,
To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,
And set their most confus'd disorders right,
Not by a new design, but newer light,
Who us'd to shave the grandees of their sticklers,
And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;
To whom he shew'd his new-invented draught,
And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.
Quoth he, 'Tis but a false and counterfeit,
And scandalous device, of human wit,
That's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture.
Quoth th' other saint, You must leave that to us
T' agree what's lawful, or what scandalous,
For 'till it is determin'd by our vote,
'Tis either lawful, scandalous, or not;
Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.
Quoth he, My conscience never shall agree
To do it, 'till I know what 'tis to be;

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For tho' I use it in a lawful time,
What if it after should be made a crime?
'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,
'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense,
Which I'm resolv'd perpetually t' avow,
And make it lawful whatsoe'er we do;
Then do your office with your greatest skill,
And let th' event befal us how it will.
This said, the nice barbarian took his tools,
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles;
Talk'd on as pertinently as he snipt,
A hundred times for every hair he clipt;
Until the Beard at length began t' appear,
And re-assume its antique character,
Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,
And stand in competition with the life;
For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips
Of sables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,
And set in such an artificial frame,
As if it had been wrought in filograin,
More subtly fil'd and polish'd than the gin
That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in;
That Lachesis, that spins the thread of Fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.
But b'ing design'd and drawn so regular,
T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,
Who could imagine that it should be portal
To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal?
And yet it was, and did abominate
The least compliance in the Church or State,

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And from itself did equally dissent,
As from religion and the government *.

* I find among Butler's manuscripts several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought passable, by way of note.

This rev'rend brother, like a goat,
Did wear a tail upon his throat,
The fringe and tassel of a face,
That gives it a becoming grace,
But set in such a curious frame,
As if 'twere wrought in filograin,
And cut so ev'n, as if 't had been
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
No topiary hedge of quickset,
Was e'er so neatly cut, or thick set,
That made beholders more admire,
Than China-plate that's made of wire;
But being wrought so regular
In ev'ry part, and ev'ry hair,
Who would believe it shou'd be portal
To unconforming inward mortal?
And yet it was, and did dissent
No less from its own government,
Than from the Church's, and detest
That which it held forth and profest;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profess'd one thing, and did another,
As all things, where they're most profest,
Are found to be regarded least.

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SATIRE

UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

WHO would believe that wicked earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth
To be found guilty and forgiv'n,
Should be a nursery for Heav'n,—
When all we can expect to do
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more desperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were
Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,
Our great and mighty creditors;
Not only slight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adult'rate coin?
We only in their mercy trust,
To be more wicked and unjust;
All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs
Are our own interest, not theirs;

* In this composition the reader will have the pleasure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Every thing, almost, that he has wrote, is indeed satirical, but in an arch and droll manner, and he may be said rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind than to have railed at them. In this he is serious and severe, exchanges the *ridiculum* for the *acri*, and writes with the spirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Persius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter; but the same good-nature will excuse the Poet, when it is considered what an edge must be given to his satirical wit by the age in which he lived, distinguished by the two extremes of hypocrisy and enthusiasm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.

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Our off'rings, when we come t' adore,
But begging presents to get more;
The purest bus'ness of our zeal
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that meaning do more harm
Than our worst deeds, that are less warm;
For the most wretched and perverse
Does not believe himself he errs.
Our holiest actions have been
Th' effects of wickedness and sin;
Religious houses made compounders
For th' horrid actions of the founders;
Steeples that totter'd in the air,
By letchers sinn'd into repair;
As if we had retain'd no sign
Nor character of the divine
And heav'nly part of human nature,
But only the coarse earthy matter.
Our universal inclination
Tends to the worst of our creation,
As if the stars conspir'd t' imprint,
In our whole species, by instinct,
A fatal brand and signature
Of nothing else but the impure.
The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterousest end,
And, like to mongrels, we're inclin'd
To take most to th' ignobler kind;
Or monsters, that have always least
Of th' human parent, not the beast.

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Hence 'tis we 'ave no regard at all
Of our best half original;
But, when they differ, still assert
The int'rest of th' ignobler part;
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain capriches of the one,
But grudge to spare one hour, to know
What to the better part we owe.
As in all compound substances,
The greater still devours the less:
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy gross relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worse,
To their brave nobler ancestors.
Yet as no barb'rousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched to profess
A glory in our wretchedness;
To vapour sillily, and rant
Of our own misery and want,
And grow vain-glorious on a score
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the first moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves:

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And our great'st grace is not to know
When we shall pay them back, nor how,
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.
  Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult, and hard.
Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,
Are but out-houses to our tombs;
Cities, tho' e'er so great and brave,
But mere warehouses to the grave.
Our brav'ry's but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt:
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if we 'ad gain'd by being lost.
  All this is nothing to the evils
Which men, and their confed'rate devils
Inflict, to aggravate the curse
On their own hated kind much worse;
As if by Nature they 'ad been serv'd
More gently than their fate deserv'd,
Take pains (in justice) to invent,
And study their own punishment;
That as their crimes should greater grow,
So might their own inflictions too.
Hence bloody wars at first began,
The artificial plague of man,

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That from his own invention rise,
To scourge his own iniquities;
That if the heav'ns should chance to spare
Supplies of constant poison'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering destruction stay,
Nor seek recruits of death so far,
But plague themselves with blood and war.
And if these fail, there is no good
Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,
But he can easily divert
To his own misery and hurt;
Make that which Heaven meant to bless
Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace,
With lux'ry and excess, as fast
As war and desolation, waste;
Promote mortality, and kill,
As fast as arms, by sitting still;
Like earthquakes, slay without a blow,
And, only moving, overthrow;
Make law and equity as dear,
As plunder and free-quarter were,
And fierce encounters at the bar
Undo as fast as those in war;
Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,
Pimps, scriv'ners, silene'd ministers,
That get estates by being undone
For tender conscience, and have none.
Like those that with their credit drive
A trade, without a stock, and thrive;

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Advance men in the church and state
For being of the meanest rate,
Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,
Before integrity and parts;
Produce more grievous complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear;
Make jests of greater dangers far,
Than those they trembled at in war;
Till, unawares, they'ave laid a train
To blow the public up again;
Rally with horror, and, in sport,
Rebellion and destruction court,
And make Fanatics, in despite
Of all their madness, reason right,
And vouch to all they have foreshown,
As other monsters oft have done,
Altho' from truth and sense as far,
As all their other maggots are:
For things said false, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.
That wealth that bounteous Fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish churches,
And those too happy men that bought it
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:
For what does vast wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, disease, and debt;

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Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
An easy-troubled life, and short?
But all these plagues are nothing near
Those, far more cruel and severe,
Unhappy man takes pains to find,
T' inflict himself upon his mind:
And out of his own bowels spins
A rack and torture for his sins;
Torments himself, in vain, to know
That most which he can never do:
And the more strictly 'tis deny'd,
The more he is unsatisfy'd;
Is busy in finding scruples out,
To languish in eternal doubt;
Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
And starts, as horses do at posts,
And, when his eyes assist him least,
Discerns such subtle objects best.

v. 168.] Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet, on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, I find the following verses, which probably were intended to be added; but as they are not regularly inserted, I chuse rather to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals, that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
And have a magic pow'r to sway
The greedy souls of men that way.
But with their bodies have been fain
To fill those trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For sharing that which they took out:
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's destruction or his use;
A standard both to buy and sell
All things from heaven down to hell.

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On hypothetic dreams and visions
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
And raises endless controversies
On vulgar theorems and hearsays;
Grows positive and confident,
In things so far beyond th' extent
Of human sense, he does not know
Whether they be at all or no,
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident and clear;
Disdains all useful sense, and plain,
T' apply to th' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That which is never to be known;
To pose himself with subtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wise;
Altho' the subtler all things are,
They're but to nothing the more near;
And the less weight they can sustain,
The more he still lays on in vain,
And hangs his soul upon as nice
And subtle curiosities,
As one of that vast multitude
That on a needle's point have stood;
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
Upon as nice and subtle scales,
As those that turn upon a plane
With the hundredth part of half a grain,
And still the subtler they move,
The sooner false and useless prove.

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So man, that thinks to force and strain,
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, sets it back;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
For as abortions cost more pain
Than vig'rous births, so all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse,
Than those of strong and lively force.

SATIRE

UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

'Tis a strange age we've liv'd in, and a lewd,
As e'er the sun in all his travels view'd;
An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,
Like a fantastic letcher, to be scourg'd;

As the preceding satire was upon mankind in general, with some allusion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II. humourously contrasted with the Puritanical ones which went before, and is a fresh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falsely imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.

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Nor has it scap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagu'd, to be the less concern'd.
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age;
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
The other (as then needless) half the Town;
And two as mighty miracles restore
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they'ad been
But pastimes for diversion to be seen,
Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.
Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly blockhead)
The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose
As e'er the dev'l could teach, or sinners use,
And on the other side at once put in
As impotent iniquity and sin.
As sculls that have been crack'd are often found
Upon the wrong side to receive the wound;
And like tobacco-pipes, at one end hit,
To break at th' other still that's opposite;
So men, who one extravagance would shun,
Into the contrary extreme have run;
And all the difference is, that as the first
Provokes the other freak to prove the worst,
So, in return, that strives to render less
The last delusion, with its own excess,

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And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,
With bungling t' help out one another's play.
For those who heretofore sought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
And slink away in masquerade to hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against his rays,
To prove if they're of gen'rous breed or base;
Call heav'n and earth to witness how they've aim'd,
With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,
And by their own examples, in the view
Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too;
On all occasions sought to be as civil
As possible they could t' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unnecessary trouble,
Nor in small matters use a friend so noble,
But with their constant practice done their best
T' improve and propagate his interest:
For men have now made vice so great an art,
The matter of fact's become the slightest part;
And the debauched'st actions they can do,
Mere trifles to the circumstance and show.
For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,
But what they lewdly affect and glory in,
As if prepost'rously they would profess
A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness,
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad;

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For vices for themselves may find excuse,
But never for their complement and shews;
That if there ever were a mystery
Of moral secular iniquity,
And that the churches may not lose their due
By being incroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:
For men are now as scrupulous and nice,
And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice,
Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any mischief but the brave,
As the most scrup'lous zealot of late times
T' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes;
Have as precise and strict punctilios
Now to appear, as then to make no shows,
And steer the world, by disagreeing force
Of diff'rent customs, 'gainst her nat'ral course:
So pow'rful's ill example to incroach,
And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch,
Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world's corrupted and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be sav'd and studies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
Imposes on divinity and sets
Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits,
Alters all characters of virtue' and vice,
And passes one for th' other in disguise;
Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;

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That slyly counter-changes wrong and right,
Like white in fields of black, and black in white;
As if the laws of Nature had been made
Of purpose only to be disobey'd;
Or man had lost his mighty interest,
By having been distinguish'd from a beast;
And had no other way but sin and vice,
To be restor'd again to Paradise.
How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon?
And yet how expressive and significant,
In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant!
As if no way express'd men's souls so well,
As damning of them to the pit of hell;
Nor any asseveration were so civil,
As mortgaging salvation to the devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blasphemy a purity to our phrase.
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay souls for vitiating speech;
When the great'st tyrant in the world made those
But lick their words out that abus'd his prose?
What trivial punishments did then protect
To public censure a profound respect,
When the most shameful penance, and severe,
That could b' inflicted on a Cavalier
For infamous debauch'ry, was no worse
Than but to be degraded from his horse,
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Instead of cutting spurs off, tak'n away?

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They held no torture then so great as shame,
And that to slay was less than to defame;
For just so much regard as men express
To the censure of the public, more or less,
The same will be return'd to them again,
In shame or reputation, to a grain;
And how perverse soe'er the world appears,
'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears;
And for that virtue strives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.
How silly were their sages heretofore,
To fright their heroes with a syren whore!
Make them believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could sink their men of war as easy as storms,
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
Into land porpoises, and cod, and ling;
To terrify those mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloodybones;
Until the subtlest of their conjurers
Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,
And rather venture drowning than to wrong
The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy-song:
To b' out of countenance, and like an ass,
Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glass;
Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a swine,
When one of our heroic advent'rers now
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow.

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So simple were those times, when a grave sage
Could with an old-wife's tale instruct the age;
Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice,
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice;
Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,
Do more than all our holdings-forth are able,
A forc'd obscure mythology convince
Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins;
When an old proverb, or an end of verse,
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,
And keep men honester than all our furies
Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries;
Who were converted then with an old saying,
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,
Where the best reason's made ridiculous,
And all the plain and sober things we say,
By raillery are put beside their play?
For men are grown above all knowledge now,
And what they're ignorant of, disdain to know;
Engross truth (like Fanatics) underhand,
And boldly judge before they understand;
The self same courses equally advance
In spiritual and carnal ignorance,
And, by the same degrees of confidence,
Become impregnable against all sense;
For as they outgrew ordinances then,
So would they now morality agen.
Tho' Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
And both descended from one parent, Sin,

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And therefore seldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
Yet they have north-west passages to steer
A short way to it without pains or care;
For as implicit faith is far more stiff
Than that which understands its own belief,
So those that think, and do but think they know,
Are far more obstinate than those that do,
And more averse than if they 'ad ne'er been taught
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;
Take boldness upon credit before hand,
And grow too positive to understand;
Believe themselves as knowing and as famous,
As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,
A bill of store to take up a degree,
With all the learning to it, custom-free,
And look as big for what they bought at Court,
As if they 'ad done their exercises for't.

SATIRE

UPON GAMING.

What fool would trouble Fortune more,
When she has been too kind before;
Or tempt her to take back again
What she had thrown away in vain,
By idly vent'ring her good graces
To be dispos'd of by ames-aces;

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Or settling it in trust to uses
Out of his pow'r, on trays and deuces:
To put it to the chance, and try,
I' th' ballot of a box and dye,
Whether his money be his own,
And lose it, if he be o'erthrown;
As if he were betray'd and set
By his own stars to every cheat,
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
To throw dice for his own estate;
As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives upon a drum?
For what less influence can produce
So great a monster as a chouse,
Or any two-legg'd thing possess
With such a brutish sottishness?
Unless those tutelary stars,
Intrusted by astrologers
To have the charge of man, combin'd
To use him in the self-same kind;
As those that help'd them to the trust,
Are wont to deal with others just.
For to become so sadly dull
And stupid, as to fine for gull,
(Not, as in cities, to b' excus'd,
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd,)
That whosoe'er can draw it in
Is sure inevitably t' win.
And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,
To grow more dully desperate,

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The more 'tis made a common prey,
And cheated foppishly at play,
Is their condition, Fate betrays
To Folly first, and then destroys.
For what but miracles can serve
So great a madness to preserve
As his, that ventures goods and chattels
(Where there's no quarter giv'n) in battles,
And fights with money-bags as bold,
As men with sand-bags did of old;
Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks,
Into a paltry juggler's box;
And, like an alderman of Gotham,
Embarketh in so vile a bottom;
Engages blind and senseless hap
'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap,
(As Tartars with a man of straw
Encounter lions hand to paw,)
With those that never venture more
Than they had safely insur'd before;
Who, when they knock the box, and shake,
Do, like the Indian rattle-snake,
But strive to ruin and destroy
Those that mistake it for fair play;
That have their Fulhams at command,
Brought up to do their feats at hand;
That understand their calls and knocks,
And how to place themselves i' the box;
Can tell the oddses of all games,
And when to answer to their names;

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And, when he conjures them t' appear,
Like imps are ready every where;
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of design) upon the square,
And let the greedy cully win,
Only to draw him further in;
While those with which he idly plays
Have no regard to what he says,
Altho' he jernie and blaspheme,
When they miscarry, heav'n and them,
And damn his soul, and swear and curse,
And crucify his Saviour worse
Than those Jew-troopers that threw out,
When they were raffling for his coat;
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly understood and fear'd,
And would take heed another time,
How to commit so bold a crime;
When the poor bones are innocent
Of all he did, or said, or meant,
And have as little sense, almost,
As he that damns them when he 'as lost;
As if he had rely'd upon
Their judgment rather than his own;
And that it were their fault, not his,
That manag'd them himself amiss,
And gave them ill instructions how
To run, as he would have them do,
And then condemns them sillily
For having no more wit than he!

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SATIRE:

TO A BAD POET.

GREAT famous wit! whose rich and easy vein,
Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
And how good verse is coin'd do'st understand,
In all Wit's combats master of defence,
Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?
'Tis said they apply to thee, and in thy verse
Do freely range themselves as volunteers,
And without pain, or pumping for a word,
Place themselves fitly of their own accord.
I, whom a lewd caprich (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain.
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would say white, the verse says black.
When I would draw a brave man to the life,
It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,
Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,
If he had met with any to have bought her.

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When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme—;*
In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out.
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains mispent,
I give it over, tir'd, and discontent,
And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,
By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;
By having curs'd the Muses, they appear,
To be reveng'd for't, ere I am aware.
Spite of myself, I strait take fire agen,
Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,
And breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
From verse to verse expect their aid again.
But if my Muse or I were so discreet
T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes;—
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair;
And mixing suns, and flow'rs, and pearl, and stones,
Make them serve all complexions at once.
With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make verses without art or wit,

* *Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme—*] This blank, and another at the close of the Poem, the Author evidently chose should be supplied by the reader. It is not my business, therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction.

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And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own;
But in the choice of words my scrup'lous wit
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;
And, therefore, when I scribble, twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,
T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit.
Without this plague I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had past my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,
T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
Or for preferment following the Court.
How happy had I been if, for a curse,
The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse?
But ever since this peremptory vein,
With restless frenzy, first possess'd my brain,
And that the devil tempted me, in spite
Of my own happiness, to judge and write,—

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Shut up against my will, I waste my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,
And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For tho' thy works are written in despite
Of all good sense, impertinent, and slight,
They never have been known to stand in need
Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;
For so the rhyme be at the verse's end,
No matter whither all the rest does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,
Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
A fop that scribbles does it with delight,
Takes no pains to consider what to write,
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;
While brave and noble writers vainly strive
To such a height of glory to arrive;
But still with all they do unsatisfy'd:
Ne'er please themselves, tho' all the world beside:
And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wish for their own sakes they had never writ.
Thou, then, that seest how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach—how ne'er to write again.

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SATIRE

ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.*

WHO would not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intolerablest zone,
Or steer his passage thro' those seas,
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
Than see one nation go to school,
And learn of another, like a fool?
To study all its tricks and fashions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or dress,
But what they in their wisdom please;
As monkies are, by being taught
To put on gloves and stockings, caught;
Submit to all that they devise,
As if it wore their liveries;
Make ready and dress th'imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;
And change it, to fulfil the curse
Of Adam's fall, for new, tho' worse;
To make their breeches fall and rise
From middle legs to middle thighs,

* The object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles II.'s reign, partly owing to the connexion and intercourse which the politics of those times obliged us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager desire of avoiding the formal and precise gravity of the hypocritical age that preceded.

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The tropics between which the hose
Move always as the fashion goes:
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;
With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas,
And sometimes narrow as Punchinello's:
In coldest weather go unbrac'd,
And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd;
Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
And sometimes straiter than a hide:
Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs
Disguise the true ones, and their years;
That, when they 're modish, with the young
The old may seem so in the throng;
And as some pupils have been known,
In time to put their tutors down,
So ours are often found to 'ave got,
More tricks than ever they were taught:
With sly intrigues and artifices
Usurp their poxes and their vices:
With garnitures upon their shoes,
Made good their claim to gouty toes;
By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,
To scabs and botches, and lay trains
To prove their running of the reins;
And, lest they should seem destitute
Of any mange that 's in repute,
And be behindhand with the mode
Will swear to crystallin and node;

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And, that they may not lose their right,
Make it appear how they came by't:
Disdain the country where th' were born,
As bastards their own mothers scorn,
And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deserves for bearing them;
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, tho' e'er so good:
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,
And only foreigners at home;
To which th' appear so far estrang'd,
As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,
Or from beyond the seas convey'd
By witches—not born here, but laid;
Or by outlandish fathers were
Begotten on their mothers here,
And therefore justly slight that nation
Where they've so mongrel a relation;
And seek out other climates, where
They may degen'rate less than here;
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
Forsake the countries where they're hatch'd,
And seek out others to be catch'd;
So they more nat'rally may please
And humour their own geniuses,
Apply to all things which they see
With their own fancies best agree;
No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one, if it be in use;

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For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis in or out of mode;
And as the nations are that use it,
All ought to practise or refuse it;
T' observe their postures, move, and stand,
As they give out the word o' command;
To learn the dullest of their whims,
And how to wear their very limbs;
To turn and manage every part,
Like puppets, by their rules of art;
To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
And politicly shake the head,
Until the ignorant (that guess
At all things by th' appearances)
To see how Art and Nature strive,
Believe them really alive,
And that they're very men, not things
That move by puppet work and springs;
When truly all their feats have been
As well perform'd by motion-men.
And the worst drolls of Punchinelloes
Were much th' ingeniouser fellows;
For when they're perfect in their lesson,
Th' hypothesis grows out of season,
And, all their labour lost, they're fain
To learn new, and begin again;
To talk eternally and loud,
And altogether in a crowd,
No matter what: for in the noise
No man minds what another says:

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T' assume a confidence beyond
Mankind, for solid and profound,
And still the less and less they know,
The greater dose of that allow:
Decry all things; for to be wise
Is not to know but to despise;
And deep judicious confidence
Has still the odds of wit and sense,
And can pretend a title to
Far greater things than they can do:
T' adorn their English with French scraps,
And give their very language claps;
To jernie rightly, and renounce
I' th' pure and most approv'd-of tones,
And, while they idly think t' enrich,
Adulterate their native speech:
For tho' to smatter ends of Greek
Or Latin be the rhetorique
Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
To smatter French is meritorious;
And to forget their mother-tongue,
Or purposely to speak it wrong,
A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
And that they improve and benefit;
As those that have been taught amiss
In liberal arts and sciences,
Must all they 'ad learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

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SATIRE

UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'Tis pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindness to present,
And gave him kindly, to caress
And cherish his frail happiness,
Of equal virtue to renew
His weary'd mind and body too,
Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden)
No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner's fatally destroy'd;
And that which she for good design'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain excess
Runs out of all its happiness,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love
Their greatest adversary prove;
T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd
So truly' essential to his good,
To countervail his pensive cares,
And slavish drudg'ry of affairs;
To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
And, more than all these, confidence;
To pass his times of recreation
In choice and noble conversation,

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Catch truth and reason unawares,
As men do health in wholesome airs;
(While fools their conversants possess,
As unawares, with sottishness;)
To gain access a private way
To man's best sense, by its own key,
Which painful judgers strive in vain
By any other course t' obtain;
To pull off all disguise, and view
Things as they're natural and true;
Discover fools and knaves, allow'd
For wise and honest in the crowd;
With innocent and virtuous sport
Make short days long, and long nights short,
And mirth, the only antidote
Against diseases ere they're got;
To save health harmless from th' access
Both of the med'cine and disease;
Or make it help itself, secure
Against the desperat'st fit, the cure.
All these sublime prerogatives
Of happiness to human lives,
He vainly throws away, and slights
For madness, noise, and bloody fights;
When nothing can decide, but swords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes' titles; and he's outed
The justice of his cause, that's routed.
No sooner has a charge been sounded
With—*Son of a whore*, and *Damn'd confounded*,

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And the bold signal giv'n, the *lye*,
But instantly the bottles fly,
Where cups and glasses are small shot,
And cannon-ball a pewter pot:
That blood, that's hardly in the vein,
Is now remanded back again;
Tho' sprung from wine of the same piece,
And near a-kin, within degrees,
Strives to commit assassinations
On its own natural relations;
And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,
That from their friends so lately parted,
No sooner several ways are gone,
But by themselves are set upon,
Surpris'd like brother against brother:
And put to th' sword by one another:
So much more fierce are civil wars,
Than those between mere foreigners;
And man himself, with wine possest,
More savage than the wildest beast.
For serpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their poison and their nature;
And fiercest creatures, that repair,
In thirsty deserts, to their rare
And distant rivers' banks to drink,
In love and close alliance link,
And from their mixture of strange seeds
Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
To whom the fiercer unicorn
Begins a large health with his horn;

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As cuckolds put their antidotes,
When they drink coffee, into th' pots:
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more savage and untam'd;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barb'rousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he's able,
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays by his reason in his bowls,
As Turks are said to do their souls,
Until it has so often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again;
Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of's life, as Vignerons
Cut short the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
And that which Nature did intend
T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.
So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

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SATIRE

UPON MARRIAGE.

Sure marriages were never so well fitted,
As when to matrimony' men were committed,
Like thieves by justices, and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life:
For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that set up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conscience
Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense;
No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke;
But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts,
Might have it taken off, and take their rests,
Without b'ing bound in duty to shew cause,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.
For since, what use of matrimony' has been
But to make gallantry a greater sin?
As if there were no appetite nor gust,
Below adultery, in modish lust;
Or no debauchery were exquisite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height.
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear 'em friends,
Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate
As these endearing offices of late.

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For men are now grown wise, and understand
How to improve their crimes, as well as land;
And if they've issue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the gossiping disburse,
And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the nurse;
As he had got a monster on a cow,
Out of design of setting up a show.
For why should not the brats for all account,
As well as for the christ'ning at the fount,
When those that stand for them lay down the rate
O' th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate?
The ancient Romans made the state allow
For getting all men's children above two:
Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did,
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For so they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom (good men), or how, they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,
Was then the civil office of a friend,
And he that made a scruple in the case,
Was held a miserable wretch and base;
For when they 'ad children by'em, th' honest men
Return'd them to their husbands back again.
Then for th' encouragement and propagation
Of such a great concernment to the nation,

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All people were so full of complacence,
And civil duty to the public sense,
They had no name t' express a cuckold then,
But that which signified all married men;
Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
Unless among the dirty populace,
And no man understands on what account
Less civil nations after hit upon't:
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Dishonour but to him that thinks it so;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,
His forehead's shot-free, and he's ne'er the worse:
For horns (like horny Callus') are found
To grow on sculls that have receiv'd a wound,
Are crackt, and broken; not at all on those
That are invulnerate and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthiest of men,
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itself?
When he that help'd his neighbours and begot
Most Romans, was the noblest patriot?
For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death
One citizen was honour'd with a wreath,
He that more gallantly gor three or four,
In reason must deserve a great deal more.
Then if those glorious worthies of old Rome,
That civiliz'd the world they 'ad overcome,
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The best to save their empire from decay,

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Why should not these that borrow all the worth
They have from them not take this lesson forth,
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
By prudent managing of matrimony?
For if 'tis hon'rable by all confest,
Adult'ry must be worshipful at least,
And these times great, when private men are come
Up to the height and politic of Rome.
All by-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like John Lilborn, free-begotten men;
Had equal right and privilege with these
That claim by title right of the four seas:
For being in marriage born, it matters not
After what liturgy they were begot;
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By being engender'd with more life and force
Than those begotten the dull way of course.
The Chinese place all piety and zeal
In serving with their wives the commonweal;
Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation
Upon their women's supererogation;
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind;
And those that can produce the most gallants,
Are held the preciousest of all their saints;
Wear rosaries about their necks, to con
Their exercises of devotion on;
That serve them for certificates, to show
With what vast numbers they have had to do:

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Before they're marry'd make a conscience
T' omit no duty of incontinence;
And she that has been oft'nest prostituted,
Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.
But when the conq'ring Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion which their ancestors,
And they had prosper'd in so many years:
Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,
And die their daughters martyrs, and their wives,
Before they would commit so great a sin
Against the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE

UPON PLAGIARIES.*

WHY should the world be so averse
To plagiary privateers,

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or succeeding apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus:

Why should the world be so severe
To every small-wit privateer?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better; but as it would not connect, grammatically, with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.

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That all men's sense and fancy seize,
And make free prize of what they please?
As if, because they huff and swell,
Like pilf'rers, full of what they steal,
Others might equal pow'r assume,
To pay 'em with as hard a doom;
To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds;
Mark 'em with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands,
And in effigy hang and draw
The poor delinquents by club-law,
When no indictment justly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.
For tho' wit never can be learn'd
It may b' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
By b'ing transplanted and remov'd;
And as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the state,
With which it turns no more t' account
Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont,
Is neither moveable, nor rent,
Nor chattel, goods, or tenement,
Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,
Nor settled upon heirs-male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall t' a second hand;
So 'tis no more to be engross'd,
Than sun-shine or the air inclos'd,

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Or to propriety confin'd,
Than th' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind.
For why should that which Nature meant
To owe its being to its vent,
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known,
Is perishable and destroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd,
Be scanted of that lib'ral use,
Which all mankind is free to chuse,
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,
Instead of being dispers'd and spread?
And the more lavish and profuse,
'Tis of the nobler general use;
As riots, tho' supply'd by stealth,
Are wholesome to the commonwealth,
And men spend freelier what they win,
Than what they've freely coming in.
The world's as full of curious wit
Which those that father never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
And cuckold owns that ne'er begot;
Yet pass as well as if the one
And th' other by-blow were their own.
For why should he that's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be stopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At least th' expos'd and fatherless
Poor orphans of the pen and press;

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Whose parents are obscure or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?
As none but kings have pow'r to raise
A levy, which the subject pays,
And tho' they call that tax a loan,
Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own;
So he that's able to impose
A wit-excise on verse or prose,
And still the abler authors are,
Can make them pay the greater share,
Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vassals that supply him;
Can judge more justly' of what he takes
Than any of the best he makes,
And more impartially conceive
What's fit to chuse, and what to leave.
For men reflect more strictly upon
The sense of others than their own;
And wit, that's made of wit and slight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As salt that's made of salt's more fine,
Than when it first came from the brine;
And spirits of a nobler nature
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
Hence mighty Virgil's said, of old,
From dung to have extracted gold,
(As many a lout and silly clown
By his instructions since has done)
And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his livery-oats and beans,

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When from his carts and country farms
He rose a mighty man at arms,
To whom th' Heroics ever since
Have sworn allegiance as their prince,
And faithfully have in all times
Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.
'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what some author writ,
And what men understood by rote,
By as implicit sense to quote:
Then many a magisterial clerk
Was taught, like singing birds, i' the dark,
And understood as much of things,
As the ablest blackbird what it sings;
And yet was honour'd and renown'd
For grave, and solid, and profound.
Then why should those—who pick and chuse
The best of all the best compose,
And join it by Mosaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit—
Not merit as complete repute
As those who with less art and pains
Can do it with their native brains,
And make the home-spun business fit
As freely with their mother wit,
Since what by Nature was deny'd,
By art and industry's supply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave
Than all the alms that Nature gave?

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For what w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own desert;
While all th' endowments she confers,
Are not so much our own as hers.
That, like good fortune, unawares,
Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares,
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchase, but inherit.
Thus all the great'st inventions, when
They first were found out, were so mean,
That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they scorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
They were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to polish and review,
And that a wit at second hand
Has greatest int'rest and command;
For to improve dispose and judge,
Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.
Invention's humorous and nice,
And never at command applies;
Disdains t' obey the proudest wit,
Unless it chance to b' in the fit:
(Like prophecy, that can presage
Successes of the latest age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next shall prophesy agen:)
Makes all her suitors court and wait
Like a proud minister of state,

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And, when she's serious, in some freak
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her silly lazy pleasure,
Until she chance to be at leisure;
When 'tis more easy to steal wit,
To clip and forge and counterfeit,
Is both the business and delight,
Like hunting-sports of those that write;
For thievery is but one sort,
The learned say, of hunting-sport.
Hence 'tis that some, who set up first
As raw, and wretched, and unverst,
And open'd with a stock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one sore;
That never writ in prose or verse,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse,
And at best could but commit
The petty larceny of wit,
To whom to write was to purloin;
And printing but to stamp false coin;
Yet after long and sturdy' endeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
With gath'ring rags and scraps of wit,
As paper's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong to be admir'd,
And arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd.
For as a banker can dispose
Of greater sums he only owes,

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Than he who honestly is known
To deal in nothing but his own,
So whosoe'er can take up most,
May greatest fame and credit boast.

SATIRE

IN TWO PARTS.

Upon the Imperfection and Abuse of

HUMAN LEARNING.*

PART I.

It is the noblest act of human reason
To free itself from slavish prepossession,

* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article *Hudibras*, that they were personally informed by the late Mr. Longueville—That amongst the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem, entitled *The History of Learning*. To the same purpose is the following passage, cited from *The Poetical Register*, vol. II. p. 21. 'In justice to the public, it is thought proper to 'declare, that all the manuscripts Mr. Butler left behind him 'are now in the custody of Mr. Longueville, (among which is 'one, entitled *The History of Learning*, written after the 'manner of Hudibras) and that not one line of those poems 'lately published under his name is genuine.'

As these authorities must have given the world reason to expect, in this Work, a poem of this sort, it becomes necessary for me to inform the public that Butler did meditate a pretty long satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human Learn-

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Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit
To all it was imbu'd with first submit;
Take true or false, for better or for worse,
To have or t' hold indifferently, of course.
For Custom, tho' but usher of the school
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,
Usurps a greater pow'r and interest
O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,
That by two different instincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more false,
Than Nature does her stupid animals;

ing, but that he only finished this first part of it, though he has left very considerable and interesting fragments of the remainder, some of which I shall subjoin.

The Poet's plan seems to have consisted of two parts; the first, which he has executed, is to expose the defects of human learning, from the wrong methods of education, from the natural imperfection of the human mind, and from that over-eagerness of men to know things above the reach of human capacity. The second, as far as we can judge by the *Remains*, and intended parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has asserted in the first, and ridiculed and satirized the different branches of human learning, in characterizing the philosopher, critic, orator, &c.

Mr. Longueville might be led, by this, into the mistake of calling this work *A History of Learning*; or perhaps it might arise from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, began with these two lines,

The history of learning is so lame,
That few can tell from whence at first it came.

What has been said, will, I flatter myself, be a sufficient apology for the printing an imperfect work, if the many good things to be met with in it does not make one unnecessary. However, for this reason, I did not think fit to place it amongst his other Satires, which are perfect in their different ways.

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'And that's one reason why more care's bestow'd
Upon the body than the soul's allow'd,
That is not found to understand and know
So subtly as the body's found to grow.
Tho' children without study, pains, or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their nat'ral talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet as all strangers never leave the tones
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
So most men's reason never can outgrow
The discipline it first receiv'd to know,
But renders words they first began to con,
The end of all that's after to be known,
And sets the help of education back,
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools
Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the schools
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
Run behind-hand with their education,
And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one's fit for it in an age.
No sooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and stedfast to retain
Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,
To make confounded languages restore
A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before:
And therefore those imported from the East,
Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,

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Altho' convey'd in worse Arabian pot-hooks
Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-
books;
Are really but pains and labour lost,
And not worth half the drudgery they cost,
Unless, like rarities, as they have been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
When those who had no other but their own,
Have all succeeding eloquence outdone;
As men that wink with one eye see more true,
And take their aim much better than with two:
For the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;
And for the industry he has spent upon't,
Must full as much some other way discount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
And turn their wits, that strive to understand
it,
(Like those that write the characters) left-handed;
Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.
These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in fashion,
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship;
Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
To bear the penalties of others' sins.

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When letters, at the first, were meant for play,
And only us'd to pass the time away,
When th'ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
To express a school and playhouse, but the same,
And in their languages so long agone,
To study or be idle was all one;
For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little less extravagances,
The rest and recreation of tir'd thought,
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake,
And when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of sense.
Nor is their education worse design'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possest,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;
While those she has indulg'd in soul and body,
Are most averse to industry and study,
And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoise.
But when those great conveniences meet,
Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
The one but strives the other to divert,
While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,

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And scholars by prepost'rous over-doing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin:
Who, tho' the understanding of mankind,
Within so strait a compass is confin'd,
Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The bravest soldiers scorn, until they're got
Close to the enemy, to make a shot;
Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause
That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws;
When 'tis not only impertinent, but rude,
Where she denies admission, to intrude;
And all their industry is but to err,
Unless they have free quarantine from her;
Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.
For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,
Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,
And ever since that miserable fate
Learning did never cost an easier rate;
For tho' the most divine, and sov'reign good
That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To th' interest of truth than ignorance,
And therefore never bore so high a value
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow;
Had academies, schools, and colleges,
Endow'd for its improvement and increase;

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With pomp and shew was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magistrate had fasces;
Impower'd with statute, privilege and mandate,
T' assume an art, and after understand it;
Like bills of store for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it custom-free;
And own professions, which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book:
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And having but a little paltry wit
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
But scorn'd as soon as 'twas but understood,
As *better* is a spiteful foe to *good*,
And now has nothing left for its support,
But what the darkest times provided for't.
Man has a natural desire to know,
But th' one half is for int'rest, th' other show:
As scriveners take more pains to learn the sleight
Of making knots, than all the hands they write;
So all his study is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end;
T' appear and pass for learned, tho' his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For most of those that drudge and labour hard,
Furnish their understandings by the yard,
As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quartos and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themselves,
And understand no further than the shelves;

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But smatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their classical partitions;
When all a student knows of what he reads
Is not in 's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' the cantore,
Where all he can make of it at the best,
Is hardly three per cent for interest;
And whether he will ever get it out
Into his own possession is a doubt:
Affects all books of past and modern ages,
But reads no further than the title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients.
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
And compliment the rabble in the street,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,
And by so mean contemptible a bribe
Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe;
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,
And he's esteem'd the learned'st of all others,
That has the largest catalogue of authors.

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FRAGMENTS

OF AN INTENDED SECOND PART OF THE FOREGOING SATIRE.

MEN's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they're beyond their just extent,
As smatt'rers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, where they 'ave least capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout;
While those that know the mathematic lines
Where Nature all the wit of man confines,
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere,
Enjoy an absoluter free command
O'er all they have a right to understand,

These *Fragments* were fairly written out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design.

From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our author's intended scheme, and will, I doubt not, regret, with me, that he did not apply himself to finishing of a satire so well suited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

It may be thought, perhaps, that some parts of it ought to have been illustrated with notes; but as the printing an imperfect work may be judged, by some readers of great delicacy, a sort of intrusion upon the public, I did not care to enhance the objection by clogging it with additional observations of my own.

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Than those that falsely venture to encroach
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach;
And still the more they strive to understand,
Like great estates, run furthest behind-hand;
Will undertake the universe to fathom,
From infinite down to a single atom;
Without a geometric instrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as easy how the world was made,
As if they had been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature;
When all their wits to understand the world
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
Or give a rational cause why fish,
That always use to drink, do never piss.

WHAT mad fantastic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic sects?
The first and best philosopher of Athens
Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,
And had no other way to shew his wit,
But when his wife was in her scolding fit;
Was, after, in the Pagan inquisition,
And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
Next him, his scholar, striving to expel
All poets his poetic commonweal,

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Exil'd himself, and all his followers,
Notorious poets, only hating verse.
The Stagyrite, unable to expound
The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd;
So he that put his eyes out, to consider
And contemplate on nat'ral things the steadier,
Did but himself for idiot convince,
Tho' reverenc'd by the learned ever since.
Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,
Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod,
That b'ing blown out, discover'd what an ass
The great philosopher and juggler was,
That to his own new deity sacrific'd,
And was himself the victim and the priest.
The Cynic coin'd false money, and for fear
Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher;
Yet with his lanthorn went, by day, to find
One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind;
An idle freak he needed not have done,
If he had known himself to be but one.
With swarms of maggots of the self-same nature,
The learned of all ages celebrate;
Things that are propener for Knights-bridge college,
Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;
More sottish than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the world by laughing, or by crying;
Or he that laugh'd until he choak'd his whistle,
To rally on an ass that eat a thistle;

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That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,
A fitter mistress could not pick and chuse,
Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

THE ancient sceptics constantly deny'd
What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd;
For when th' affirm'd that nothing 's to be known,
They did but what they said before disown;
And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce
The same thing to be true and false at once.
These follies had such influence on the rabble,
As to engage them in perpetual squabble;
Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partisans;
That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;
Were often set by officers i' th' stocks
For quarrelling about a paradox:
When pudding-wives were launcht in cock-queen stools,
For falling foul on oyster-women's schools,
No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,
But to their gossips of their own opinions.
A peripatetic cobler scorn'd to soal
A pair of shoes of any other school;
And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,

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Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the most heroic,
That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the int'rests of their sects,
And still behav'd themselves as resolute
In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute,
Until with wounds and bruises which they 'ad got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot;
When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
Were but to prove disputes the sov'reign good.

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first design'd
To regulate the errors of the mind,
By b'ing too nicely overstrain'd and vext,
Have made the comment harder than the text,
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bones in pieces, of a point,
And with impertinent evasions force
The clearest reason from its native course—
That argue things s' uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were in nature;
And venture to demonstrate, when they' ave slurr'd,
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence
With blunted foyles) engage with blunted sense;

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And as they're wont to falsify a blow,
Use nothing else to pass upon the foe;
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack;
And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,
Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' question,
The noblest science of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes from Bear-garden
Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought
As safe as in a castle or redoubt,
Gave one another desperate attacks,
To storm the counterscarps upon their backs;
So disputants advance, and post their arms,
To storm the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—
So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language only and the words;
As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,
Wav'd to assert the murther of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those that understood them to be try'd;
And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
More capital than to behead a king.

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For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false,
And still the more 'tis us'd is wont t' abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
Until 'tis false, and will not rise, nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial;
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
And by their over-understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use;
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—
It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:
For as those surnames are esteem'd the best
That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,
That have the least of truth and reason in them.
Truth would undo the world, if it possest
The meanest of its right and interest:
Is but a titular princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But most of all where it can lay no claim;
As far from gaiety and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;

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And therefore has surrender'd her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lies—
As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or the next of all to it:
For nonsense being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has awhile been us'd, of course
Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r, and force,
And pass for sense t' all purposes as good
As if it had at first been understood:
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
And more than all the strongest sense obliges,
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
The mysteries of science to impart;
Supplies all seminaries with recruits
Of endless controversies and disputes;
For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and style,
And the most curious critics or the learned
Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;
For as it is the garniture and dress
That all things wear in books and languages,

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(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear,
According to the habits that they wear)
'Tis probable to be the truest test
Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks;
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of int'rest and their clients', eloquence;
When consuls, censors, senators, and pretors,
With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school
Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And those who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to say their lessons, and declame.
Words are but pictures, true or false, design'd
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,
T' express the inward images of thoughts;
And artists say a picture may be good,
Altho' the moral be not understood;
Whence some infer they may admire a style,
Tho' all the rest be e'er so mean and vile;
Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind
With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.
So orators, enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue;
Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and false;

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Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
To pass the one for th' other in disguise;
And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,
Only to serve for noise and nothing else,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendents in a horse's ear;
For if the language will but bear the test,
No matter what becomes of all the rest:
The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.
Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence
Is ty'd to such a prodigal expence;
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half's, as vain excuses:
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies;
And th' artificial wash of eloquence,
Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,
Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity,
Whilst all the best and sob'rest things he does,
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose;
Handles no point so evident and clear,
(Besides his white gloves) as his kandkercher,
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;

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And, while their studies are between the one
And th' other spent, have nothing of their
own;
Like spunges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures false:
For whether 'tis their want of conversation
Inclines them to all sorts of affectation,
Their sedentary life and melancholy,
The everlasting nursery of folly;
Their poring upon black and white too subtly
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley;
Or squand'ring of their wits and time upon
Too many things has made them fit for none;
Their constant overstraining of the mind
Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind;
Or rude confusions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,
And changes, in the insides of their sculls;
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things else unfit;
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never rightly judge of either;
When multitudes of rev'rend men and critics
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And by th' immoderate excess of study
Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.
For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,
A stupify'd excrescence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,

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That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain—
So he that once stood for the learned'st man,
Had read out Little-Britain and Duck-Lane,
Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual study;
Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosoes,
To read all authors to him with their glosses,
And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to sit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by consonants and vowels;
Had crackt his scull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in cases;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of sciences and arts,
That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,
That ventures at grammatic beast, or noddy;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry vats o'er from Francfort fairs,
Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames
With scraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to scatter books in ev'ry room,
Where they might best be seen by all that come,

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And lay a train that nat'rally should force
What he design'd, as if it fell of course;
And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
When, lighting on a philosophic spell,
Of which he never knew one syllable,
Presto, be gone, h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing else been bred.

UPON A HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE*.

I.

THERE'S nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But if it lay the least pretence,
To piety and godliness,
Or tender-hearted conscience,
And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
Does sacred instantly commence,
And all that dare but question it, are strait

* This and the two following compositions are the only ones that our Author wrote in this measure, which some readers may, perhaps, think too grave and solemn for the subject, and the turn of Butler's wit. It must, however, be allowed, that he falls no way short of his usual depth and reach of thought, keenness of satire, and acuteness of expression.

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Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd and reprobate:
As malefactors, that escape and fly
Into a sanctuary for defence,
Must not be brought to justice thence,
Altho' their crimes be ne'er so great and high;
And he that dares presume to do't,
Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up
To Satan, that engag'd him to't
For vent'ring wickedly to put a stop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle saucily with theirs
That are employ'd by him, while he and they
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handyworks adore,
And made their stone and timber deities,
Their temples, and their altars, of one piece,
The same outgoings seem t' inspire
Our modern self-will'd Edifier,
That out of things as far from sense, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation,
The creatures of th' imagination,
To worship and fall down before;
Of which his crack'd delusions draw
As monstrous images and rude,
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a vision saw;
Mistakes the feeble impotence,
And vain delusions of his mind,

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For spiritual gifts and offerings
Which Heav'n, to present him, brings;
And still the further 'tis from sense,
Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But as all tricks whose principles
Are false, prove false in all things else,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in pension with his conscience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence,
And as the one grows obstinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Disposes of his gifts and dispensations
Like spiritual foundations,
Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind,
But still diverts them to as bad, or worse,
Than others are by unjust governors:
For, like our modern publicans,
He still puts out all dues
He owes to Heav'n to the devil to use,
And makes his godly interest great gains;
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The spirit in him) contribute,
And, to repair and edify his spent
And broken-winded outward man, present
For painful holding-forth against the government.

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IV.

The subtle spider never spins,
But on dark days, his slimy gins;
Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His spiritual machines
Unless among the weak and ignorant,
Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the slight,
That in their zeal are most extravagant;
For trouts are tickled best in muddy water;
And still the muddier he finds their brains,
The more he's sought and follow'd after,
And greater ministrations gains;
For talking idly is admir'd,
And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;
And still the flatter and more dull
His gifts appear, is held more pow'rful;
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;
And dullest nonsense has been found,
By some, to be the solid'st and the most profound.

V.

A great Apostle once was said
With too much learning to be mad;
But our great Saint becomes distract,
And only with too little crackt;
Cries moral truths and human learning down,
And will endure no reason but his own:
For 'tis a drudgery and task
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,

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To answer all men can object or ask;
But to be found impregnable,
And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
In spite of shame or reason resolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute:
As he that can draw blood, they say,
From witches, takes their magic pow'r away,
So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:
For while he holds that nothing is so damn'd
And shameful as to be asham'd,
He never can b' attack'd,
But will come off s for Confidence, well back'd
Among the weak and prepossess'd,
Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r, oppress'd.

VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
But where there's something to be gain'd;
And that b'ing once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties,
And is convinc'd no pale
O' the church can be so sacred as a jail:
For as the Indians' prisons are their mines,
So he has found are all restraints
To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints;
For the same thing enriches that confines;
And like to Lully, when he was in hold,
He turns his baser metals into gold;

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Receives returning and retiring fees
For holding-forth, and holding of his peace,
And takes a pension to be advocate
And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state
For gall'd and tender consciences:
Commits himself to prison to trepan,
Draw in, and spirit all he can;
For birds in cages have a call,
To draw the wildest into nets,
More prevalent and natural
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His slipp'ry conscience has more tricks
Than all the juggling empirics,
And ev'ry one another contradicts;
All laws of heav'n and earth can break,
And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,
And yet is so infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentlest check,
But at the slightest nicety grows queasy;
Disdains controul, and yet can be
No where, but in a prison, free;
Can force itself, in spite of God,
Who makes it free as thought at home,
A slave and villain to become,
To serve its interests abroad:
And tho' no Pharisee was e'er so cunning,
At tithing mint and cummin,
No dull idolater was e'er so flat
In things of deep and solid weight;

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Pretends to charity and holiness,
But is implacable to peace,
And out of tenderness grows obstinate.
And tho' the zeal of God's house ate a prince
And prophet up (he says) long since,
His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal
Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but prosecute,
As if he went to law, his suit;
Summons his Maker to appear
And answer what he shall prefer;
Returns him back his gift of prayer,
Not to petition, but declare;
Exhibits cross complaints
Against him for the breach of Covenants,
And all the charters of the Saints;
Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands
Upon high terms and bold demands;
Excepts against him and his laws,
And will be judge himself in his own cause;
And grows more saucy and severe
Than th' Heathen emp'ror was to Jupiter,
That us'd to wrangle with him, and dispute,
And sometimes would speak softly in his ear,
And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

IX.

But when his painful gifts h' employs
In holding-forth, the virtue lies

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Not in the letter of the sense,
But in the spiritual vehemence,
The pow'r and dispensation of the voice,
The zealous pangs and agonies,
And heav'nly turnings of the eyes;
The groans with which he piously destroys,
And drowns the nonsense in the noise;
And grows so loud, as if he meant to force
And take in heav'n by violence;
To fright the Saints into salvation,
Or scare the devil from temptation;
Until he falls so low and hoarse,
No kind of carnal sense
Can be made out of what he means:
But as the ancient Pagans were precise
To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice,
He still conforms to them, and has a care
T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

X.

The ancient churches, and the best,
By their own martyrs' blood increast;
But he has found out a new way,
To do it with the blood of those
That dare his church's growth oppose,
Or her imperious canons disobey,
And strives to carry on the Work,
Like a true primitive reforming Turk,
With holy rage, and edifying war,
More safe and pow'rful ways by far:
For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,

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Was the first great Reformer, and the chief
Of th' ancient Christian belief,
That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
With revelations, dreams, and visions,
And apostolic superstitions,
To be held forth and carry'd on by war;
And his successor was a Presbyter,
With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For as a Turk that is to act some crime
Against his Prophet's holy law
Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,
And leave his body for a time;
So when some horrid action's to be done,
Our Turkish proselyte puts on
Another spirit, and lays by his own;
And when his over-heated brain
Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman,
He's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held
To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
The one believes all madmen to be saints,
Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
And yet in madness all devotion plants,
And where he differs most, concurs;
Both equally exact and just
In perjury and breach of trust;
So like in all things, that one Brother
Is but a counterpart of th' other;
And both unanimously damn

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And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

XII.

Both equally design to raise
Their churches by the self-same ways;
With war and ruin to assert
Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert;
To preach the gospel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome:
And tho' in worshipping of God all blood
Was by his own laws disallow'd,
Both hold no holy rites to be so good;
And both to propagate the breed
Of their own Saints one way proceed;
For lust and rapes in war repair as fast
As fury and destruction waste:
Both equally allow all crimes
As lawful means to propagate a sect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And licence does more good in gospel-times.
Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin;
For when Religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.

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UPON MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'Tis well that equal Heav'n has plac'd
Those joys above, that to reward
The just and virtuous are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;
Else men would rather venture to possess
By force, than earn their happiness;
And only take the dev'l's advice,
As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,
Tho' at th' expence of Paradise:
For, as some say, to fight is but a base
Mechanic handy-work, and far below
A gen'rous spirit t' undergo;
So 'tis to take the pains to know,
Which some, with only confidence and face,
More easily and ably do;
For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
Who would not rather make himself a judge,
And boldly usurp the chair,
Than with dull industry and care
Endure to study, think, and drudge,
For that which he much sooner may advance
With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

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II.

For all men challenge, tho' in spite
Of Nature and their stars, a right
To censure, judge, and know,
Tho' she can only order who
Shall be, and who shall ne'er be wise:
Then why should those whom she denies
Her favour and good graces to,
Not strive to take opinion by surprise,
And ravish what it were in vain to woo?
For he that desp'rately assumes
The censure of all wits and arts,
Tho' without judgment, skill, and parts,
Only to startle and amuse,
And mask his ignorance (as Indians use
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nether parts t' adorn)
Can never fail to captive some
That will submit to his oraculous doom,
And rev'rence what they ought to scorn,
Admire his sturdy confidence
For solid judgment and deep sense;
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,
Like stol'n pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

III.

Two self-admirers, that combine
Against the world, may pass a fine
Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
And settle it as they think fit

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On one another, like the choice
Of Persian princes, by one horse's voice:
For those fine pageants which some raise,
Of false and disproportion'd praise,
T' enable whom they please t' appear,
And pass for what they never were,
In private only b'ing but nam'd,
Their modesty must be asham'd,
And not endure to hear,
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,
And own'd in public every where:
So vain some authors are to boast
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit wits, to dub.
Each other but a Knight o' the Post,
As false as suborn'd perjurers,
That vouch away all right they have to their own ears.

IV.

But when all other courses fail,
There is one easy artifice
That seldom has been known to miss,
To cry all mankind down, and rail;
For he whom all men do contemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reason, wit, and sense,
And all that makes against himself condemn;
To snarl at all things right or wrong,
Like a mad dog, that has a worm in 's tongue;

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Reduce all knowledge back, of good and evil,
T' its first original the devil;
And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,
To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ;
Tho' to perform his task as dull,
As if he had a toadstone in his scull,
And could produce a greater stock
Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

V.

The feeblest vermin can destroy
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,
And only with their eyes and breath
Infect and poison men to death;
But that more impotent buffoon
That makes it both his bus'ness and his sport
To rail at all, is but a drone
That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt;
Enjoys a kind of letchery in spite,
Like o'ergrown sinners, that in whipping take delight;
Invades the reputation of all those
That have, or have it not to lose;
And if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongest sense:
As rooking gamesters never lay
Upon those hands that use fair play,
But venture all their bets
Upon the slurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats,

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VI.

Nor does he vex himself much less
Than all the world beside,
Falls sick of other men's excess,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happiness;
Revenges on himself the wrong,
Which his vain malice and loose tongue,
To those that feel it, not have done,
And whips and spurs himself because he is out-
gone;
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and false,
As witches' pictures are of wax and clay
To those whom they would in effigy slay.
And as the devil that has no shape of his own,
Affects to put the ugliest on,
And leaves a stink behind him when he's gone;
So he that 's worse than nothing, strives t' appear
I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak; but when men dare
Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air.

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TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE

MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

I.

'Tis true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
With settlements for after-lives;
For all that that can be done or said,
Tho' e'er so noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor understood.
All our fine sleights and tricks of art,
First to create, and then adore desert,
And those romances which we frame
To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
In vain are stuft with ranting flatteries,
And such as, if they knew, they would despise.
For as those times the Golden Age we call,
In which there was no gold in use at all,

* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*, was published by the Author himself, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three sheets 4to; and, agreeable to this, I find it in his own hand-writing among his manuscripts, with some little additions, and a few verbal alterations, as the reader may observe, in comparing it with the copy already printed.

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So we plant glory and renown
Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
But to worse purpose, many times,
To flourish o'er nefarious crimes,
And cheat the world, that never seems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name
Can never be worn out by Fame,
That liv'd and died to leave behind
A great example to mankind,
That fell a public sacrifice,
From ruin to preserve those few
Who, tho' born false, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more just and wise,—
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
Unmention'd in his silent chest,
Not for his own, but public interest.
He, like a pious man, some years before
Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
Made ev'ry day he had to live
To his last minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more genteel mode;
Take prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred *filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion
Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation.

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III.

In France, the staple of new modes,
Where garbs and miens are current goods,
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat;
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,
And how to drink and how to eat
No out-of-fashion wine or meat;
To understand cravats and plumes,
And the most modish from the old perfumes;
To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flanders or Venice;
Cast their nativities, and, to a day,
Foretel how long they 'll hold, and when decay;
T' effect the purest negligences
In gestures, gaits, and miens,
And speak by *repartee-rotines*
Out of the most authentic of romances,
And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,
What ribbands, all the year, are in or out of season;

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
He had his birth and education
Where all men are s' ingeniously inclin'd
They understand by imitation,
Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
That naturally does dispense
To all a deep and solid confidence;

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A virtue of that precious use,
That he whom bounteous Heav'n endues
But with a mod'rate share of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit.
In all the deep Hermetic arts,
(For so of late the learned call
All tricks, if strange and mystical,)
He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,
And with his magic rod could sound
Where hidden treasure might be found:
He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his way
As lawful weft and stray,
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and try'd his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue;
Declar'd all caravans that go
Upon the king's highway the foe;
Made many desperate attacks
Upon itinerant brigades
Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;
Made them lay down their arms, and yield,
And, to the smallest piece, restore
All that by cheating they had gain'd before,
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
In every bold affair of war

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He had the chief command, and led them on;
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
Of others' lives, until h' as made it known
How much he does despise and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt sun and sun,
Have by his conqu'ring sword been won;
And mighty sums of money laid,
For ransom, upon every man,
And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th' excise and chimney-publican,
The Jew forestaller and enhancer,
To him for all their crimes did answer.
He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
Of all his foes, the Constable;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And when they' encounter in it, wins the day:
Safe in his garrison, the Court,
Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for 't,
To this stern foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the Scotsman did to' a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,
And brought its haughty spirit down,

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Have cut it off from all relief,
And, like a wise and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce assault
Upon all ammunition carts,
And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts;
No convoy e'er so strong, with food
Durst venture on the desp'rate road:
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higler contribution pay;
The savage butcher and stout drover
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover;
And if he had but kept the field,
In time had made the city yield;
For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
I' the belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
In which his stars began to frown,
And had in close cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down,
And he, by num'rous foes opprest,
Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Lest he by force or stratagem
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,
And break thro' all their locks, and bolts, and wards,
Had both his legs by charms committed

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To one another's charge,
That neither might be set at large
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater care,
Than those of meaner rates,
So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up close prisoners their hearts,
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
And made them yield up love and honour too:
But in more brave heroic ways
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays:
For those two spiteful foes, who never meet
But full of hot contests and piques
About punctilios and mere tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,
And, far more generous and free,
In contemplation only of him did agree:
Both fully satisfy'd; the one
With those fresh laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms;
The other with his person and his charms:
For just as larks are catch'd in nets,
By gazing on a piece of glass,
So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,

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And smoother polish'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by surprize.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
Distressed dames, such dreadful feats atchieve
As feeble damsels, for his sake,
Would have been proud to undertake;
And, bravely ambitious to redeem
The world's loss and their own,
Strove who should have the honour to lay down
And change a life with him;
But finding all their hopes in vain
To move his fixt determin'd fate,
Their life itself began to hate,
As if it were an infamy,
To live when he was doom'd to die;
Made loud appeals and moans,
To less hard-hearted grates and stones;
Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers,
And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

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A BALLAD

UPON

THE PARLIAMENT

Which deliberated about making Oliver King. *

As close as a goose
Sat the Parliament house
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg proved addle,
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
Tho' things do not fadge,
Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;
Two princes of Wales,
For Whitsun-ales,
And her Grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yesty Pride,
With his dagger and his sling;

* This ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of *Protector*.

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He was the pertinent'st peer
Of all that were there,
T' advise with such a king.

A great philosopher
Had a goose for his lover,
That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true story
Or but an allegory,
It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son,
Both cast into one,
Were meant for a single baron;
But when they came to sit,
There was not wit
Enough in them both to serve for one.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood;
But when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool
Yet three knaves in the whole,
And that made up a pair-royal.

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A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

Conjectured to be on Oliver Cromwell. *

PART I.

DRAW near, good people all, draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A stranger thing
Than this I sing
Came never to this city.

Had you but seen this monster,
You would not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden,—

You would defy the pageants
Are borne before the mayor;
The strangest shape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lomy Fair!

* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title—*The Privileges of Pimping*—but afterwards crossed it out, for which reason I have not inserted it; and only mention it as a circumstance which may amuse such as are curious in hunting out the explication of niceties of this sort. It does not appear to bear any sense consistent with the subject; but some other critic may perhaps find one, or at least please himself with thinking so.

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His face is round and decent, *
As is your dish and platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a nose,
But, indeed, it is no such matter.

On both sides of th' aforesaid
Are eyes, but they 're not matches,
On which there are
To be seen two fair
And large well-grown mustaches.

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders strike,
That a beard should grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever see the like?

He has no scull; 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders;
Nothing but a skin
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders.

On both sides of his noddle
Are straps o' the very same leather;

* From the medals and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not positively affirm, that this droll picture was designed for him. The roundness of his face, the oddness of the nose, and the remarkable largeness of the eye-brows, are particulars which correspond exactly with them.

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Ears are imply'd,
But they 're mere hide,
Or morsels of tripe, chuse ye whether.

Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear
That every hour
Gapes to devour
The sowce that grows so near.

Beneath a tuft of bristles,
As rough as a frize-jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twould have serv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within, a set of grinders
Most sharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and brass
As easy as
That you would do a pudding.

But the strangest thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That useth to trail
Upon the ground as he goeth.

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A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

Conjectured to be on Oliver Cromwell.

PART II.

THIS monster was begotten
Upon one of the witches,
B' an imp that came to her,
Like a man, to woo her,
With black doublet and breeches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers several countries
The hogs and swine,
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—*
'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbl'd.

* This whimsical liberty our Author takes of transposing the words for the sake of a rhyme, though at the expense

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As soon as he was brought forth,
At the midwife's throat he flew,
And threw the pap
Down in her lap;
They say 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd,
With nails most sharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
I' the boards and roof,
Are yet for to be seen.

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
He vanish'd, seen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the stink
Knew which way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
ness; for the sight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

of the sense, is a new kind of poetic licence; and it is merry enough to observe, that he literally does what he jokingly charges upon other poets in another place:

But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time. *Hud. p. 2. c. 1. v 29.*

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Long did he there continue,
And all those parts much harmed,
'Till a wise-woman, which
Some call a white witch,
Him into a hog-sty charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,
With brimstone and with nitre
She sing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him as tame as a spaniel;
For she us'd to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In every town,
And eke in every shire.

And now, at length, he 's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where in Fleet-street
All those may see 't
That will not believe my ditty.

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God save the King and Parliament, *
And eke the Prince's highness,
And quickly send
The wars an end,
As here my song has—*Finis*.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS. †

All men's intrigues and projects tend,
By sev'ral courses, to one end;

* From this circumstance it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the murder of the king, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public; and I think one may, without prejudice, affirm, that it does no discredit to his younger years.

† This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were, among many of the same kind, fairly wrote out by Butler, in a sort of poetical Thesaurus, which I have before mentioned. Whether he intended ever to publish any of them, as separate distinct thoughts, or to interweave them into some future compositions, a thing very usual with him, cannot be ascertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to those who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. I have ventured to give them the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*; but I have not been over curious in placing them in any methodical order. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

No Jesuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land,
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Russ to reconcile, &c.

The publishing of Miscellaneous Thoughts, or, what passes under the name of *Table-talk*, might be justified by many names of the greatest authority in the learned world; and these sallies of wit, unconnectedly printed, sometimes give more pleasure than when they are interspersed in a long and regular work; as it is often more entertaining to examine jewels separately in a

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To compass, by the prop'rest shows,
Whatever their designs propose;
And that which owns the fair'st pretext
Is often found the indirect'st.
Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint
Much fairer than the real saint,
And knaves appear more just and true
Than honest men, that make less shew;
The dullest idiots in disguise
Appear more knowing than the wise;
Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
Pass on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Pass muster for the valiant:
For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a just pretence,
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

How various and innumerable
Are those who live upon the rabble?
'Tis they maintain the church and state,
Employ the priest and magistrate;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent;
Defray all taxes and excises,
And impositions of all prices;

cabinet, than to see them adorning a prince's crown, or a royal robe. One may venture to add, that these of our Author must have a kind of additional recommendation, by the agreeable singularity of their being in verse.

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Bear all the expense of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their pastors exhibitions,
And those who have the greatest flocks
Are primitive and orthodox;
Support all schismatics and sects,
And pay them for tormenting texts;
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay them in good rents and lands;
Discharge all costly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the scores
Of caterpillar bawds and whores;
Discharge all damages and costs
Of Knights and Squires of the Post;
All statesmen, cut-purses, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders;
All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n
To purchase this world, hell, or heav'n.

SHOULD once the world resolve t' abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jest or earnest to,

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No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.

THE world would be more just, if truth and lies,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
But since impostors are so highly rais'd,
And faith and justice equally debas'd,
Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains
T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

THE sottish world without distinction looks
On all that passes on th' account of books;
And when there are two scholars that within
The species only hardly are a-kin,
The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they've loiter'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

As all Fanatics preach, so all men write
Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,
In spite of art; as horses thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

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In all mistakes the strict and regular
Are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,
And worst to be avoided; as a wound
Is said to be the harder cur'd that's round;
For error and mistake, the less th' appear,
In th' end are found to be the dangerouser;
As no man minds those clocks that use to go
Apparently too over-fast or slow.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

The metaphysic's but a puppet motion
That goes with screws, the notion of a notion;
The copy of a copy, and lame draught
Unnaturally taken from a thought;
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
B' another name, and makes it true or false;
Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of schools to understand,
But make things hard, instead of b'ing explain'd;
And therefore those are commonly the learned'st
That only study between jest and earnest;

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For when the end of learning's to pursue
And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
They ne'er consider how they're to apply,
But only listen to the noise and cry,
And are so much delighted with the chace,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

MORE proselytes and converts use t' accrue
To false persuasions than the right and true;
For error and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right;
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to less than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

THE great St. Lewis, king of France,
Fighting against Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made prisoner:
The Sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free
And set them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,

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The pyx, and in't the eucharist,
The body of our Saviour Christ.
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd
The king's security for good:
Such credit had the Christian zeal,
In those days, with an Infidel,
That will not pass for two-pence now,
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

THOSE that go up hill use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
When the way is difficult and steep:
So those at court, that do address
By low ignoble offices,
Can stoop to any thing that's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace,
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour.

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of services that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their pow'r
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts that do obey.

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NOTHING's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And to patch up, or shift, will close,
Or break alike, with friends or foes;
That runs behind hand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent;
And, the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend nor one cross.

THE Devil was the first o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his Maker,
And, tho' miscarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Tho' tumbled from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss;
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or suffer, like the devil.

THE worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm,
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

NO seared conscience is so fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;

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For Christian charity's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace.

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant
Does, like a rattle-snake, prevent.

Man is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster;
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence,
To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

Dame Fortune, some men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them without their care,

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Does all their drudgery and work,
Like Fairies, for them in the dark;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances;
While others by desert or wit
Could never make the matter hit,
But still, the better they deserve,
Are but the abler thought to starve.

GREAT wits have only been preferr'd,
In princes' trains to be interr'd,
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last;
But while they liv'd were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that's proof against th' assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away,
And having stood the greater test,
Is overmaster'd by the least;
So some men, having stood the hate
And spiteful cruelty of Fate,
Transported with a false caress
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence
For nothing else but patience;

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'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of state;
Nor from th' oppression of the laws
Protect the plain'st and justest cause;
Nor keep unspotted a good name
Against the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as Patience, and as soon,
By being blown upon, undone.
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

WHO doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage?
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal interest,
And free dominion o'er the rest,
And as one shield that fell from heav'n
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to secure the fate
And lasting empire of a state,
The false are num'rous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that understand them least,
Are still the fiercest in contest;
Unsight, unseen, espouse a side
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their souls, and swear and lie for,
And at a venture live and die for.

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OPINION governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in's head,
Must be by a dog glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in them
As that inhuman brute, Opinion;
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination;
And when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;
And nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opiniator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit.

A GODLY man, that has serv'd out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime;
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.

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WHY should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions?
And in a congregation pray,
No less than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER'S doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in use,
Than shoe-makers to wear all shoes.

THE sob'rest saints are more stiff-necked
Than the hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well
To propagate a church as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion;
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please;

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Have plenary indulgence to dispose
At pleasure, of the strictest vows;
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,
To vouch and witness what they do;
And, when they prove averse and loth,
Yet for convenience take an oath;
Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep than take it;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keeps the keys within;
Has no superior to control,
But what itself sets o'er the soul;
And when it is enjoin'd t' obey
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how it will appear;
Can turn itself into disguises
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill remov'd of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors;
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments!
For true and faithful, good and just,
Are but preparatives to trust;

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The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

ALL love, at first like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or sun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and starts,
And so are those of lovers' hearts,
Which, tho' they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate,
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heav'n but love.

ALL wild but gen'rous creatures live, of course,
As if they had agreed for better or worse:

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The lion's constant to his only miss
And never leaves his faithful lioness;
And she as chaste and true to him agen,
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.
The docile and ingenuous elephant
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And she as true and constant to his bed,
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead;
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never satisfy'd with new amours;
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, tho' but for the worst of all, to change.

THE souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They've but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;
And tho' their passions have most pow'r,
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
To th' abs'lute will, that with a breath
Has sov'reign pow'r of life and death,
And, as its little int'rests move,
Can turn them all to hate or love;
For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate;

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And hate again, and scorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

ALL sorts of vot'ries, that profess
To bind themselves apprentices
To Heav'n, abjure, with solemn vows,
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a spouse,
As th' worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

MOST virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce;
Before they've wit to understand
The bold attempt they take in hand;
Or having staid and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides.

THE credit of the marriage-bed
Has been so loosely husbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women sep'rate alimony;
And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And for their journeywork and pains
The chairwomen clear greater gains.

AS wine, that with its own weight runs, is best,
And counted much more noble than the prest;
So is that poetry whose gen'rous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

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Some call it fury, some a muse,
That, as possessing devils use,
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,
And when he's in, he's out of's wits.

ALL writers, tho' of diff'rent fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distress'd and discontent,
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,—
And poets, by *their* suff'rings, grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

IT is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle set up wit.

THEY that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That's not to give, but pay a due:
For praise, that's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;

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But to commend, without desert,
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what's amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.

In foreign universities,
When a king's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other studies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry:
Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
And some, more wise, in Arabic,
T' avoid the critic, and th' expence
Of difficulter wit and sense;
And seem more learnedish than those
That at a greater charge compose.
The doctors lead, the students follow;
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods:
Then Cæsar he's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,
And was address'd to, by a crow,
As pertinently long ago;
And with more horses names is styl'd,
Than saints are clubb'd t' an Austrian child;
And as wit goes by colleges,
As well as standing and degrees,
He still writes better than the rest,
That's of the house that's counted best.

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Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair
Were ever able to dispatch by fear.

There's nothing our felicities endears
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,
And in the miserablest of distress
Improves attempts as desp'rate with success;
Success that owns and justifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels;
Or but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

The people have as much a neg'tive voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament;
No money is so good as No assent.

When princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suite,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

What makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side?

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Authority is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

Dame Justice puts her sword into the scales,
With which she's said to weigh out true and false;
With no design, but like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capitol.

All that which law and equity miscalls
By th' empty idle names of True and False,
Is nothing else but maggots blown between
False witnesses and falser jurymen.

No court allows those partial interlopers
Of law and equity, two single paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a suit at once:
For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with justice;
And when the one side bringeth custom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The devil himself will rather chuse to play
At paltry small game than sit out, they say;
But when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot.

The law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung
Little considers right or wrong;
But, like authority, is soon satisfy'd,
When 'tis to judge on its own side.

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The law can take a purse in open court,
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for't.

Who can deserve for breaking of the laws
A greater penance than an honest cause?

All those that do but rob, and steal enough,
Are punishment and court of justice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers, of their due.

Old laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please.
The statute law's their Scripture, and reports
The ancient rev'rend fathers of their courts,
Records their general councils and decisions
Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,
For which, like Catholics, they a've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And strive perpetually to make the standard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;
And when two cases at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like Checquer-tallies, suit,
The Court directs the obstinat'st dispute:
There's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

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A man of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they 'ad none.

As those that are stark blind can trace
The nearest ways from place to place,
And find the right way easier out,
Than those that hood-wink'd try to do't;
So tricks of state are manag'd best
By those that are suspected least,
And greatest finesse brought about
By engines most unlike to do't.

All the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone,
But never lets a true one stir
Without some fing'ring trick or slur;
And, when the gamesters doubt his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the search.

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What else does history use to tell us,
But tales of subjects b'ing rebellious;
The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
The sottish pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense;
Their treach'ry, that undoes, of custom,
Their own selves first, next those who trust 'em.

Because a feeble limb's carest,
And more indulg'd than all the rest,
So frail and tender consciences
Are humour'd to do what they please;
When that which goes for weak and feeble
Is found the most incorrigible,
To outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at th' approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liv'ries all the year;
So when the glorious season's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'st calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

As when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangled by the fleece,

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With hasty cruelty he flies
To attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor pris'ners fast, like silly sheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their rav'nous clutches fall;
For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curse for sin,
And were no part o' the first creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fitt'st materials
T' enclose the earth with living walls.
So jailors, that are most accurst,
Are found most fit in being worst.

There needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raise infernal spirits up but fear,
That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
That 's more a pris'ner to itself, and jail;
Draws more fantástic shapes than in the grains
Of knotted wool in some men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
Are only the insides of their sculls.

The Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven own,
Beside th' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to in Purgatory;
Declares himself an absolute free prince
In his dominions, only over sins;

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But as for heaven, since it lies so far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his Cross-keys badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:
Yet when he comes to take accompt, and share
The profit of his prostituted ware,
He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,
Above his richest titular dominion.

A jubilee is but a spiritual fair,
T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,
In which his Holiness buys nothing in,
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin,
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times;
For dealing both for Judas and th' high priest,
He makes a plentifuller trade of Christ.

That sp'ritual pattern of the church, the ark,
In which the ancient world did once embark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Altho' bound thro' an universal sea;
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

In the church of Rome to go to shrift,
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

An ass will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away;

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But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.

In little trades more cheats and lying
Are us'd in selling than in buying;
But in the great unjuster dealing
Is us'd in buying than in selling.

All smatt'rers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art:
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

Law does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain't;
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty.

The world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practice that are of no use,
And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation,
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

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In all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' excess than avarice;
It neither cares for food or clothing;
Nature's content with little, that with nothing.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to shew
How humble honour ought to be,
Tho' there 'twas all authority.

Is is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal estimate,
Than cast up fractions, in th' accompt of heav'n,
Of time and motion, and adjust them ev'n:
For modest persons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due.

Some people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;
So he that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence,
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

Were Tully now alive, he'd be to seek
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;
Would never understand one word of sense
The most irrefragable schoolman means;

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As if the schools design'd their terms of art
Not to advance a science, but divert;
As Hocus Pocus conjures to amuse
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

The man that for his profit's bought t' obey,
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray,
And, when he's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

Opiniators naturally differ
From other men: as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way so'er they are design'd to go.

Navigation, that withstood,
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And prov'd the only means to save
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it taught the sea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has swallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

The prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate
It was to keep a school and rule a state,

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Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,
As when it was translated to a rod;
And that his subjects never were s' obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:
For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no commands s' imperious as a school.

As he whose destiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share:
So he whom Fate at once design'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,
And starves with niggardly excess.

The universal med'cine is a trick,
That Nature never meant to cure the sick,
Unless by death, the singular receipt,
To root out all diseases by the great:
For universals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art;
And therefore that French quack that set up physic,
Call'd his receipt a general specific.
For tho' in mortal poisons every one
Is mortal universally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure 'em all as easy as they're got:
Much less, among so many variations
Of diff'rent maladies and complications,

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Make all the contrarieties in Nature
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A convert's but a fly, that turns about
After his head's pull'd off to find it out.

All mankind is but a rabble
As silly and unreasonable
As those that, crowding in the street,
To see a show or monster meet,
Of whom no one is in the right:
Yet all fall out about the sight,
And when they chance t' agree, the choice is
Still in the most and worst of vices;
And all the reasons that prevail
Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale.

As in all great and crowded fairs
Monsters and puppet-plays are wares
Which in the less will not go off
Because they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will pass,
That will not in another place.

Logicians use to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison,
And in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ
The names of all the moods and figures fit:
For a logician's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book,

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And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

Those get the least that take the greatest pains,
But most of all i' the drudgery of brains;
A nat'ral sign of weakness, as an ant,
Is more laborious than an elephant;
And children are more busy at their play
Than those that wisely pass their time away.

All the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains,
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.

TRIPLETS

UPON AVARICE.

As misers their own laws enjoin
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they should the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,
Is from the use of all debar'rd.

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And tho' he can produce more spankers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION

OF HOLLAND.

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
That live as if they had been run aground,
And when they die, are cast away, and drown'd;
That dwell in ships like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And, when their merchants are blown up and crackt,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt;
That feed, like cannibals, or other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

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TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For vent'ring to disclose a flame
It had so long supprest.

In its own ashes it design'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Make it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

Do not mine affection slight,
'Cause my locks with age are white:
Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

EPIGRAM

ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

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HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY.*

In days of yore, when knight or squire
By Fate were summon'd to retire,
Some menial poet still was near,
To bear them to the hemisphere,
And there among the stars to leave 'em,
Until the gods sent to relieve 'em:
And sure our Knight whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
Should he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave, and be forgot,
Would have just reason to complain,
If he should chance to rise again;
And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful dogg'rel thus we trudge on.
Oh me! what tongue, what pen can tell
How this renowned champion fell?
But must reflect alas! alas!
All human glory fades like grass,
And that the strongest martial feats
Of errant knights are all but cheats:

* As neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph is to be found in the *Genuine Remains* of Butler, as published by Mr. Thyer from the manuscripts in the possession of the late William Longueville, Esq. they appear to have been rejected by the Editor, with a multitude of others, as being spurious; but as both have constantly made a part of the collection of poems frequently reprinted under the title of the *Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler*, and as they besides relate particularly to the hero of that poem whereon our Author's chiefest reputation is built, it is hoped the reader will not be displeased to find them subjoined to these *Genuine Remains* of the celebrated author of *Hudibras*. M.

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Witness our Knight, who sure has done
More valiant actions ten to one,
Than of More-Hall, the mighty More,
Or him that made the dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down
Than Bevis of Southampton town,
Or than our modern heroes can,
To take them singly man by man.
No, sure the grisly king of terror
Has been to blame, and in an error,
To issue his dead warrant forth
To seize a knight of so much worth,
Just in the nick of all his glory;
I tremble when I tell the story.
Oh! help me, help me some kind muse,
This surly tyrant to abuse,
Who, in his rage has been so cruel
To rob the world of such a jewel;
A knight more learned, stout, and good,
Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood;
All his perfections were so rare,
The wit of man could not declare
Which single virtue, or which grace,
Above the rest had any place,
Or which he was most famous for,
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;
Of each he had an equal spice,
And was in all so very nice,
That, to speak truth, th' account is lost,
In which he did excel the most.

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When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,
And out he went a colonelling,
Strange hopes and fears possest the nation,
How could he manage that vocation,
Until he shew'd it to a wonder,
How nobly he could fight and plunder.
At preaching too, he was a dab,
More exquisite by far, than Squab;
He could fetch uses, and infer,
Without the help of metaphor,
From any Scripture text, howe'er
Remote it from the purpose were;
And with his fist, instead of a stick,
Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Till he made all the audience weep,
Excepting those that fell asleep.
Then at the bar he was right able,
And could bind o'er as well as swaddle;
And famous, too, at petty sessions,
'Gainst thieves and whores for long digressions.
He could most learnedly determin
To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin.
For his address and way of living,
All his behaviour was so moving,
That let the dame be ne'er so chaste,
As people say, below the waist,
If Hudibras but once come at her,
He'd quickly make her chaps to water:
Then for his equipage and shape,
On vestals they'd commit a rape,

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Which often, as the story says,
Have made the ladies weep both ways.
Ill has he read that never heard
How he with Widow Tomson far'd,
And what hard conflict was between
Our Knight and that insulting queen.
Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,
For rhymes for his melodious strains,
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir Hudibras to get
Into this subtle gypsy's net,
Who, after all her high pretence,
To modesty and innocence,
Was thought by most to be a woman
That to all other knights was common.
Hard was his fate in this I own,
Nor will I for the trapes atone;
Indeed to guess I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable,
Unless she did not like his wit,
Or, what is worse, his perquisite.
Howe'er it was, the wound she gave
The Knight, he carry'd to his grave:
Vile harlot, to destroy a knight
That could both plead, and pray, and fight.
Oh! cruel, base, inhuman drab,
To give him such a mortal stab,
That made him pine away and moulder,
As tho' that he had been no soldier:

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Couldst thou find no one else to kill,
Thou instrument of death and hell,
But Hudibras, who stood the Bears
So oft against the Cavaliers,
And in the very heat of war
Took stout Crowdero prisoner;
And did such wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue?
If he had been in battle slain,
We 'ad had less reason to complain;
But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight so serv'd before?
But since he's gone, all we can say
He chanc'd to die a ling'ring way;
If he had liv'd a longer date,
He might, perhaps, have met a fate
More violent, and fitting for
A knight so fam'd in Civil war.
To sum up all, from love and danger
He's now (O! happy Knight) a stranger;
And if a Muse can ought foretell,
His fame shall fill a chronicle,
And he in after-ages be,
Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

UNDER this stone rests Hudibras
A Knight as errant as e'er was;

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The controversy only lies,
Whether he was more stout or wise;
Nor can we here pretend to say,
Whether he best could fight or pray;
So till those questions are decided,
His virtues must rest undivided.
Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
And full as oft took pains in tubs;
Of which the most that can be said,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
As for his personage and shape,
Among the rest we'll let them 'scape;
Nor do we, as things stand, think fit
This stone should meddle with his wit.
One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and died a colonel;
And for the Good old Cause stood huff,
'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff.
But since his Worship's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,
The reader is desir'd to look,
For his atchievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

END OF VOL. III.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WENTWORTH DILLON,

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Nor must ROSCOMMON pass neglected by,
That makes e'en rules a noble poetry;
Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
The best of critics and of poets too. ADDISON.

. . . . . In all Charles's days
ROSCOMMON only boasts unspotted lays—
ROSCOMMON! not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own. POPE.

IN ONE VOLUME.

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THE LIFE

OF

WENTWORTH DILLON,

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

WENTWORTH DILLON, earl of Roscommon, was the son of James Dillon and Elizabeth Wentworth, sister to the earl of Strafford. He was born in Ireland during the lieutenancy of Strafford, who, being both his uncle and his godfather, gave him his own surname. His father, the third earl of Roscommon, had been converted, by Usher, to the Protestant religion; and when the Popish rebellion broke out, Strafford, thinking the family in great danger, from the fury of the Irish, sent for his godson, and placed him at his own seat in Yorkshire, where he was instructed in Latin; which he learned, so as to write it with purity and elegance, though he was never able to retain the rules of grammar.

Such is the account given by Mr. Fenton, from whose notes, on Waller, most of this account

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must be borrowed, though I know not whether all that he relates is certain. The instructor whom he assigns to Roscommon, is one Dr. Hall, by whom he cannot mean the famous Hall, then an old man and a bishop.

When the storm broke out upon Strafford, his house was a shelter no longer; and Dillon, by the advice of Usher, was sent to Caen, where the Protestants had then an university, and continued his studies under Bochart.

Young Dillon who was sent to study under Bochart, and who is represented as having already made great proficiency in literature, could not be more than nine years old. Strafford went to govern Ireland in 1633, and was put to death eight years afterwards. That he was sent to Caen, is certain; that he was a great scholar, may be doubted.

At Caen he is said to have had some preternatural intelligence of his father's death.

'The lord Roscommon, being a boy of ten 'years of age,—at Caen in Normandy, one day 'was, as it were, madly extravagant in playing, 'leaping, getting over the tables, boards, &c. 'He was wont to be sober enough; they said, 'God grant this bodes no ill-luck to him! In the 'heat of this extravagant fit, he cries out, *My 'father is dead.* A fortnight after, news came 'from Ireland that his father was dead. This 'account I had from Mr. Knolles, who was his

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'governor, and then with him,—since secretary 'to the earl of Strafford; and I have heard his 'lordship's relations confirm the same.' *Aubrey's Miscellany.*

The present age is very little inclined to favor any accounts of this kind, nor will the name of Aubrey much recommend it to credit: it ought not, however, to be omitted, because better evidence of a fact cannot easily be found, than is here offered, and it must be by preserving such relations, that we may at last judge, how much they are to be regarded. If we stay to examine this account, we shall see difficulties on both sides: here is the relation of a fact given by a man who had no interest to deceive, and who could not be deceived himself; and here is, on the other hand, a miracle which produces no effect; the order of nature is interrupted to discover, not a future, but only a distant event, the knowledge of which, is of no use to him to whom it is revealed. Between these difficulties, what way shall be found? Is reason or testimony to be rejected? I believe, what Osborne says, 'of an appearance of sanctity' may be applied to such impulses or anticipations as this: *Do not wholly slight them, because they may be true; but do not easily trust them, because they may be false.*

The state both of England and Ireland, was at this time such, that he who was absent from either country, had very little temptation to return: and

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therefore Rosommon, when he left Caen, travelled into Italy, and amused himself with its antiquities, and particularly with medals, in which he acquired uncommon skill.

At the Restoration, with the other friends of monarchy, he came to England,—was made captain of the band of pensioners,—and learned so much of the dissoluteness of the court, that he addicted himself immoderately to gaming, by which he was engaged in frequent quarrels, and which, undoubtedly, brought upon him its usual concomitants, extravagance and distress.

After some time, a dispute about part of his estate, forced him into Ireland, where he was made, by the duke of Ormond, captain of the guards, and met with an adventure thus related by Fenton.

'He was at Dublin, as much as ever, distempered with the same fatal affection for play, which engaged him in one adventure that well deserves to be related. As he returned to his lodgings from a gaming-table, he was attacked in the dark by three ruffians, who were employed to assassinate him. The Earl defended himself with so much resolution, that he dispatched one of the aggressors: whilst a gentleman, accidentally passing that way, interposed, and disarmed another: the third secured himself by flight. This generous assistant was a disbanded officer, of a good family and fair reputa-

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'tion; who, by what we call the partiality of 'fortune, to avoid censuring the iniquities of the 'times, wanted even a plain suit of clothes to 'make a decent appearance at the castle. But 'his lordship, on this occasion, presenting him to 'the Duke of Ormond, with great importunity, 'prevailed with his grace, that he might resign 'his post, of captain of the guards, to his friend; 'which for about three years the gentleman en-'joyed, and, upon his death, the duke returned 'the commission to his generous benefactor.'

When he had finished his business, he returned to London; was made Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York: and married the Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Burlington, and widow of Colonel Courteney.

He now busied his mind with literary projects, and formed the plan of a society for refining our language, and fixing its standard *in imitation*, says Fenton, *of those learned and polite societies, with which he had been acquainted abroad.* In this design, his friend Dryden is said to have assisted him.

The same design, it is well known, was revived by Dr. Swift in the ministry of Oxford; but it has never since been publicly mentioned, though at that time great expectations were formed by some of its establishment and its effects. Such a society might, without much difficulty, be collected; but

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that it would produce what is expected from it may be doubted.

The Italian academy seems to have obtained its end. The language was refined, and so fixed that it has changed but little. The French academy thought that they refined their language, and doubtless thought rightly; but the event has not shewn that they fixed it; for the French of the present time is very different from that of the last century.

In this country an academy could be expected to do but little. If an academician's place were profitable, it would be given by interest; if attendance were gratuitous, it would be rarely paid, and no man would endure the least disgust. Unanimity is impossible, and debate would separate the assembly.

But suppose the philological decree made and promulgated, what would be its authority? In absolute governments, there is sometimes a general reverence paid to all that has the sanction of power, and the countenance of greatness. How little this is the state of our country needs not to be told. We live in an age in which it is a kind of public sport to refuse all respect that cannot be enforced. The edicts of an English academy, would probably be read by many, only, that they might be sure to disobey them.

That our language is in perpetual danger of cor-

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ruption, cannot be denied: but what prevention can be found? The present manners of the nation would deride authority, and therefore nothing is left but that every writer should criticise himself.

All hopes of new literary institutions, were quickly suppressed, by the contentious turbulence of King James's reign; and Roscommon, foreseeing that some violent concussion of the state was at hand, purposed to retire to Rome, alleging, that *it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked*; a sentence, of which the application seems not very clear.

His departure was delayed by the gout; and he was so impatient either of hindrance or of pain, that he submitted himself to a French empiric, who is said to have repelled the disease into his bowels.

At the moment in which he expired, he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of *Dies Iræ*:

My GOD! my FATHER! and my FRIEND!
Do not forsake me in my end.

He died in 1684; and was buried with great pomp in Westminster-Abbey.

His poetical character is given by Mr. Fenton:

'In his writings, says Fenton, we view the

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'image of a mind which was naturally serious and 'solid: richly furnished and adorned with all the 'ornaments of learning, unaffectedly disposed in 'the most regular and elegant order. His ima-'gination might have probably been more fruitful 'and sprightly, if his judgement had been less se-'vere. But that severity (delivered in a mascu-'line, clear, succinct style) contributed to make 'him so eminent in the didactical manner, that 'no man, with justice, can affirm he was ever 'equalled by any of our nation, without confess-'ing at the same time that he is inferior to none. 'In some other kinds of writing his genius seems 'to have wanted fire to attain the point of per-'fection; but who can attain it!'

From this account of the riches of his mind, who would not imagine that they had been displayed in large volumes and numerous performances? Who would not, after the perusal of this character, be surprised to find that all the proofs of this genius, and knowledge and judgement, are not sufficient to form a single book, or to appear otherwise than in conjunction with the works of some other writer of the same petty size? But thus it is that characters are written: we know somewhat, and we imagine the rest. The observation, that his imagination would probably have been more fruitful and sprightly, if his judgment had been less severe, may be answered, by a re-

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marker somewhat inclined to cavil, by a contrary supposition, that his judgment would probably have been less severe, if his imagination had been more fruitful. It is ridiculous to oppose judgment to imagination; for it does not appear that men have necessarily less of one as they have more of the other.

We must allow of Roscommon, what Fenton has not mentioned so distinctly as he ought, and what is yet very much to his honor, that he is perhaps the only correct writer in verse, before Addison; and that, if there are not so many, or so great beauties in his compositions, as in those of some contemporaries, there are at least fewer faults. Nor is this his highest praise; for Mr. Pope has celebrated him as the only moral writer of King Charles's reign:

> Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days,
> Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays.

His great work is his Essay on Translated Verse; of which Dryden writes thus in the preface to his Miscellanies:

'It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on 'Translated Verse,' says Dryden, 'which made 'me uneasy, till I tried whether or no I was ca- 'pable of following his rules, and of reducing the 'speculation into practice. For many a fair pre- 'cept in poetry is like a seeming demonstration in 'mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but

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'failing in the mechanic operation. I think I 'have generally observed his instructions: I am 'sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of 'their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, 'is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend, 'that I have, at least in some places, made exam-'ples to his rules.'

This declaration of Dryden will, I am afraid, be found little more, than one of those cursory civilities which one author pays to another: for, when the sum of lord Roscommon's precepts is collected, it will not be easy to discover, how they can qualify their reader for a better performance of translation, than might have been attained by his own reflections.

He that can abstract his mind from the elegance of the poetry, and confine it to the sense of the precepts, will find no other direction, than that the author should be suitable to the translator's genius; that he should be such as may deserve a translation; that he who intends to translate him, should endeavor to understand him; that perspicuity should be studied, and unusual and uncouth names sparingly inserted; and that the style of the original should be copied in its elevation and depression. These are the rules that are celebrated as so definite and important; and, for the delivery of which, to mankind, so much honour has been paid. Roscommon has indeed deserved his praises, had they been given with discernment, and bestowed not on the

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rules themselves, but, the art with which they are introduced, and the decorations with which they are adorned.

The Essay, though generally excellent, is not without its faults. The story of the Quack, borrowed from Boileau, was not worth the importation; he has confounded the British and Saxon mythology:

> I grant that from some mossy idol oak,
> In double rhymes, our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke.

The oak, as I think Gildon has observed, belonged to the British druids, and *Thor* and *Woden* were Saxon deities. Of the *double rhymes*, which he so liberally supposes, he certainly had no knowledge.

His interposition of a long paragraph of blank verses is unwarrantably licentious. Latin poets might as well have introduced a series of iambicks among their heroics.

His next work is the translation of the Art of Poetry; which has received, in my opinion, not less praise than it deserves. Blank verse, left merely to its numbers, has little operation on the ear or mind: it can hardly support itself without bold figures and striking images. A poem frigidly didactic, without rhyme, is so near to prose, that the reader only scorns it for pretending to be verse.

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Having disentangled himself from the difficulties of rhyme, he may justly be expected to give the sense of Horace with great exactness, and to suppress no subtilty of sentiment for the difficulty of expressing it. This demand, however, his translation will not satisfy; what he found obscure, I do not know that he has ever cleared.

Among his smaller works, the Eclogue of Virgil and the *Dies Iræ* are well translated; though the best line in the *Dies Iræ* is borrowed from Dryden. In return, succeeding poets have borrowed from Roscommon.

In the verses on the Lap-dog, the pronouns *thou* and *you* are offensively confounded; and the turn at the end is from Waller.

His versions of the two odes of Horace are made with great liberty, which is not recompensed by much elegance or vigor.

His political verses are spritely, and when they were written must have been very popular.

Of the scene of *Guarina*, and the prologue of *Pompey*, Mrs. Philips, in her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel, has given the history.

'Lord Roscommon,' says she, 'is certainly 'one of the most promising young noblemen in 'Ireland. He has paraphrased a Psalm admira-'bly, and a scene of *Pastor Fido* very finely, in 'some places much better than Sir Richard Fan-'shaw. This was undertaken merely in compli-'ment to me, who happened to say that it was the

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'best scene in Italian, and the worst in English. 'He was only two hours about it. It begins 'thus:

'Dear happy groves, and you the dark retreat
'Of silent horror, Rest's eternal seat.'

From these lines, which are since somewhat mended, it appears that he did not think a work of two hours, fit to endure the eye of criticism without revisal.

When Mrs. Philips was in Ireland, some ladies that had seen her translation of Pompey, resolved to bring it on the stage at Dublin; and, to promote their design, Lord Roscommon gave them a prologue, and Sir Edward Dering an epilogue; 'which,' says she, 'are the best performances of 'those kinds I ever saw.' If this is not criticism, it is at least gratitude. The thought of bringing Cæsar and Pompey into Ireland, the only country over which Cæsar never had any power, is lucky.

Of Roscommon's works, the judgment of the public seems to be right. He is elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquisite beauties, and he seldom falls into gross faults. His versification is smooth, but rarely vigorous, and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taste, if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors to English literature.

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MISCELLANIES.

AN ESSAY

ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whose correct Essay *
Repairs so well our old Horatian way:
And happy you, who, by propitious fate,
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.
But, since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age,
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
To these few virtues that we have, be just;
For who have long'd, or who have labor'd more
To search the treasures of the Roman store,
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle,
With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
And Nature seconds all his soft desires.
Theocritus does now to us belong,
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.

* John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire.

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Who has not heard how Italy was blest
Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view.
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphne's hearse,
Who does not weep that reads the moving verse?
But hear, oh! hear, in what exalted strains
Sicilian Muses, through these happy plains,
Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo reigns!
When France had breath'd, after intestine broils,
And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
There, cultivating by a royal hand,
Learning grew fast, and spread, and bless'd the land;
The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known,
Her excellent translators made her own;
And Europe, still considerably gains,
Both by their good example, and their pains.
From hence our gen'rous emulation came,—
We undertook, and we perform'd, the same.
But now, we shew the world a nobler way,
And in Translated Verse do more than they;
Serene and clear, harmonious Horace flows
With sweetness, not to be express'd in prose;
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill:

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I, who have serv'd him more than twenty years,
Scarce know my master as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbor's hopes, and vain their cares;
The fault is more their language's than theirs:
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of softer sound, than our's, perhaps, affords!
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French-wire, would through whole pages shine.
I speak my private, but impartial, sense
With freedom, and, I hope, without offence;
For I'll recant, when France can shew me wit
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
But good Translation is no easy art;
For, though materials have long since been found,
Yet, both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And, by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.
The soil intended for Pierian seeds,
Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes
At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes:
For none have been with admiration read,
But who, beside their learning, were well bred.
The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:

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No mask, no tricks, no favor, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch,—in spite of his forgotten rhymes,
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,—
With pompous nonsense, and a bellowing sound,
Sung lofty Ilium tumbling to the ground.
And (if my muse can through past ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he,
Exploded when, with universal scorn,
The mountains labor'd, and a mouse was born.
'Learn, learn,' Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
'Audacious mortals! and be timely wise;
'Tis I that call; remember Milo's end,
'Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.'
Each poet with a diff'rent talent writes;
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humor is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet, who your way does bend,
And chuse an author as you chuse a friend;
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he.
With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!

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Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years:
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear:
Secure from foolish Pride's affected state,
And specious flatt'ry's more pernicious bait,—
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect must answer for her faults.
Immodest words admit of no defence,
For, want of decency, is want of sense.
What mod'rate fop would rake the Park or stews,—
Who among troops of faultless nymphs, may chuse?
Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;—
For men of sense despise a trivial choice;
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter, busy, in a street,
To copy bulls and bears, and ev'ry sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
Yet, 'tis not all, to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down, like oxymel of squills.

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Instruct the list'ning world, how Maro sings
Of useful subjects, and of lofty things;
These will, such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude as well as praise:
But foul *descriptions* are offensive still,
Either for being *like*, or being *ill*:
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods
Makes some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.
On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts,
Which thro' the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as Heav'n, from whence the blessing came;
But few, oh! few souls, pre-ordain'd by Fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
No rebel, Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb;
The grizly ferryman of hell, deny'd
Æneas entrance till he knew his guide:
How justly then, will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to Heav'n without a call!

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Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
The men who labor and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For, if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few are they who understand him yet!—
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there:
Heav'n shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should, before their Mantuan God.
Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse,
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the Muse!
What I have instanc'd only in the best
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar;
Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd;
Who knows what blessings Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labor owe?

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Such secrets are not easily found out,
But once discover'd, leave no room for doubt:
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.
Truth still is one; Truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate:
Your style will this through all disguises show,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only, proves he understands a text,
Whose, exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather *create*, than *dissipate* the mist,
And grow unjust by being over-nice,
(For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let Crassus'* ghost and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell;
Since, Rome has been so jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæses name.
Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd:
And some that Rome admir'd, in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius, nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shews a Translator both discreet and bold.
Excursions are inexpiably bad,
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.

* Hor. lib. iii. ode 5.

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Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness,—
For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress.
Th' Æneän Muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder, on her verses wait,—
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise;
Fall when he falls, and, when he rises, rise.
Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
That to contempt, can empty scribblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd
On even syllables, (and still the last)
Though gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known;
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents and odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the learned Nine
Does to your suit, a willing ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame;
But if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care,
For the sad prospect of a just depair.
A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had by man-midwifery got wealth and fame:
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The lab'ring wife invokes his surer aid.

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Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
And largely, what she wants, in words, supplies
With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of physician's frequent fees,
From female mellow praise, he takes degrees,
Struts in a new unlicenc'd gown, and then,
From saving women, falls to killing men.
Another such, had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought-in.
His pills as thick as hand-grenadoes flew,
And where they fell, as certainly, they slew;
His name struck every where as great a damp,
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool,
For smarting soundly, may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace,
And meagre Famine star'd him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd too;
In this sad case, what would our vermin do?
Worry'd with debts, and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail;
And there, with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

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I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,—
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are, without excuse.
'Tis very dang'rous tamp'ring with a Muse;
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degen'rate lines degrade th' attainted race;
No poet, any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them, when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now: I see her rolling eyes:
And, panting, 'Lo! the God, the God!' she cries;
With words not her's, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep, trembling, through the ground.
But though we must obey when Heav'n commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possest.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,

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Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through ev'ry swelling vein a loud retreat;
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favors, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vig'rous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimm'ring lamp,—
Adult'rate metals, to the sterling stamp,—
Appear not meaner, than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those, whose inspiration shines:
These, nervous, bold;—those, languid and remiss:
There, cold salutes;—but here, a lover's kiss.—
Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Soane divide,
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.
The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to *license* by too just a name,
Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
Which scorns to take it.———
Absurd expressions, crude abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Base fugitives, to that asylum fly,
And sacred laws with insolence defy.
Not thus, our heroes, of the former days,
Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I mistake, or far the greatest part,
Of what some call neglect, was study'd art.

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When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight
To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
I lose my patience when, with saucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
Reverse of nature! shall such copies then
Arraign' th' originals of Maro's pen!
And the rude notions of pedantic schools,
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules!
The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh, or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The sound is still a comment to the sense.
A skilful ear, in numbers, should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide:
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.
When, by impulse from Heav'n, Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung,
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two gen'ral's lost, a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent Skies,
Empire and poesy together rise.
True poets are the guardians of a state,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate;
For that, which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses' fire;
Heav'n joins the blessings: no declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

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Of many faults, rhyme is perhaps the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,—
For that in Greece or Rome was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown;
Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invader's way.
I grant, that from some mossy idol oak,
In double rhymes, our Thor and Woden spoke,
And by succession of unlearned times,
As Bards began, so Monks rung on the chimes.
But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine,
With all their beams, on our bless'd island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rites restore,
And be what Rome or Athens were before?
' Have we forgot how Raphael's num'rous
' prose*
' Led our exalted souls through heav'nly camps,
' And mark'd the ground where proud apostate
' thrones
' Defy'd Jehovah! Here 'twixt host and host,
' (A narrow but a dreadful interval!)
' Portentous sight! before the cloudy van
' Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
' Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold:
' There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
' Dispers'd ethereal forms, and down they fell
' By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd;
' Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,

* An essay on blank verse out of Paradise Lost, Book VI.

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'Which with their pond'rous load, rocks, waters, woods
'From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops
'They bore like shields before them thro' the air,
'Till, more incens'd, they hurl'd them at their foes.
'All was confusion, heav'ns foundations shook,
'Threat'ning no less than universal wreck.
'For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
'And over-press'd whole legions weak with sin:
'Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay;
'Till the great ensign of MESSIAH blaz'd,
'And, arm'd with vengeance, GOD's victorious Son
'(Effulgence of paternal Deity)
'Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
'Drove th' old orig'nal rebels headlong down,
'And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.'

O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud Pæans through the crowded way,—
When, in triumphant state, the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barb'rous aid refuse;
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

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THE DREAM.

To the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
Ungrateful, we do gentle sleep compare,—
Who, though his victories as num'rous are,
Yet, from his slaves no tribute does he take,
But woeful cares, that load men while they wake.
When his soft charms had eas'd my weary sight
Of all the baleful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, divested of the scorn,
Which the unequal maid so long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had Love's great God essay'd
To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid!
Yet, spite of all the pride that swells her mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
A rising blush increas'd the native store
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more present the vision to my view,
The sweet illusion, gentle Fate! renew;
How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I!
Shew me, bless'd God of Sleep! and let me die.

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THE GHOST

OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS TO THE NEW ONE,

Appointed to meet at Oxford.

FROM deepest dungeons of eternal night,
The seats of horror, sorrow, pains, and spite,
I have been sent to tell you, tender youth!
A seasonable and important truth.
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no disease
Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease:
And, of all others, the most tempting things
Are, too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
None ever was superlatively ill
But by degrees, with industry and skill;
And some, whose meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
My time is past, and your's will soon begin;
Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin,
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways
Preserve yourselves, and bring serener days.
The busy, subtle, serpents of the law,
Did first my mind from true obedience draw.
While I did limits to the king prescribe,
And took for oracles that canting tribe,
chang'd true Freedom for the name of Free,
And grew seditious for variety:

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All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd;—
The robe was summon'd, Maynard, in the head,
In legal murder, none so deeply read:
I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
With his accumulative hackney-tongue:
Pris'ners and witnesses were waiting by,
These had been taught to swear, and those to die,
And to expect their arbitrary fates,—
Some for ill faces, some for good estates.
To fright the people, and alarm the town,
Bedloe and Oates employ'd the rev'rend gown;
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
The king's Three Crowns were their rebellious aim:
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,
And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards;
Anti-monarchic Heretics of state,
Immoral Atheists, rich and reprobate:—
But, above all, I got a little guide
Who ev'ry ford of villainy had try'd;
None knew so well the old pernicious way
To ruin subjects, and make kings obey;
And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,
Was driving, Eighty, *back* to Forty-eight;
This the king knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his patience for his fear.
All that this happy island could afford
Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board,

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n his whole paradise one only tree
Ie had excepted by a strict decree:
A sacred tree! which royal fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear:
Beware, my child! divinity is there.
This so undid, all I had done before,
I could attempt and he endure no more;
My unprepar'd and unrepenting breath,
Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of Death;
And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
To th' utter darkness of the lower world;
A dreadful place! which you too soon will see,
If you believe seducers more than me.

ROSS'S GHOST.

SHAME of my life, disturber of my tomb,
Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;
Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
To knaves a fool, to cred'lous fools a knave,
The king's betrayer, and the people's slave!—
Like Samuel,—at thy necromantic call
I rise, to tell thee, GOD has left thee,—Saul.
I strove, in vain, th' infected blood to cure;
Streams will run muddy where the spring's impure.
In all your meritorious life, we see
Old Taaf's invincible sobriety.
Places of Master of the Horse, and Spy,
You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply:

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From Sidney's blood your loyalty did spring;
You show us all your parents but the king,
From whose too tender, and too bounteous arms,
(Unhappy he who such a viper warms!
As dutiful a subject as a son!)
To your true parent, the whole Town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell,
Outdo his pride, and merit more than hell:
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The first and fairest of the sons of light;
But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSL. CXLVIII.

O AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!
The world's transparent canopy,
Break your long silence, and let mortals know
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the God of War,
Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,
Let echoing anthems make His praises known,
On earth His footstool, as in heav'n His throne.

Great eye of all, Whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praise His name! without Whose purer light,
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

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e Moon and Planets! who dispense
y GOD's command your influence,
esign to Him, as your Creator due,
hat veneration which men pay to you.

iirest, as well as first, of things,
rom whom all joy, all beauty springs,
! praise th' ALMIGHTY RULER of the globe,
Vho useth thee for his empyreal robe.

raise Him ye loud harmonious spheres!
Vhose sacred stamp all Nature bears;
Vho did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
nd whose command is th' universal law.

'e wat'ry Mountains of the sky,
nd you so far above our eye,
'ast ever-moving Orbs! exalt His name,
Vho gave its being to your glorious frame.

'e Dragons! whose contagious breath
eoples the dark retreats of Death,
hange your fierce hissings into joyful song,
nd praise your MAKER with your forked tongue.

raise Him, ye Monsters of the deep!
'hat in the seas' vast bosoms sleep,
t Whose command the foaming billows roar,
'et know their limits, tremble, and adore.

'e Mists and Vapors, Hail and Snow!
nd you who through the concave blow,

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Swift executors of His holy word,
Whirlwinds and Tempests! praise th'ALMIGHTY LORD.

Mountains! who to your MAKER's view,
Seem less than Molehills do to you,
Remember how, when first JEHOVAH spoke,
All heav'n was fire, and Sinaï hid in smoke.

Praise Him, sweet offspring of the ground,
With heav'nly nectar yearly crown'd!
And ye tall cedars! celebrate His praise,
That in His temple sacred altars raise.

Idle Musicians of the Spring,
Whose only care's to love and sing,
Fly thro' the world, and let your trembling throat
Praise your CREATOR with the sweetest note.

Praise Him each savage furious beast
That on his stores do daily feast!
And you! tame Slaves of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your CREATOR bow.

Majestic Monarchs, mortal Gods!
Whose pow'r hath here no periods,
May all attempts against your crowns be vain!
But still remember by whose pow'r you reign.

Let the wide world His praises sing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

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You that dispose of all our lives,
Praise Him from whom your pow'r derives;
Be true and just like Him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise Him, old Monuments of time!
O praise Him in your youthful prime!
Praise Him, fair Idols of our greedy sense!
Exalt His name, sweet age of innocence!

JEHOVAH's name shall only last
When heav'n, and earth, and all is past:
Nothing, great GOD! is to be found in THEE
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race!
The GOD of GODS, the GOD of grace!
Who will above the stars your empire raise,
And with His glory recompense your praise.

ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

I.

HAIL, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise
All those senseless vanities:
With pity mov'd for others, cast away

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On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them tost
On rocks of folly, and of vice, I see them lost:
Some the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men, or adverse Fate,
Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state:
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
Whilst Virtue courts them, but, alas! in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease,
They, in their shipwreck'd state, themselves obdurate please.

II.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,
It is by thee I truly live;
Thou dost a better life and nobler vigor give;
Dost each unruly appetite controul;
Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
Presuming Love does ne'er invade
This private solitary shade;
And, with fantastic wounds by Beauty made,
The joy has no allay of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere;
Yet I exalted love admire,
Friendship abhorring sordid gain,
And purify'd from lust's dishonest stain:
Nor is it for my Solitude unfit,

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For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

III.

Here, in a full and constant tide, doth flow
All blessings man can hope to know;
Here, in a deep recess of thought, we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the mind;
Pleasures which do from friendship and from knowledge rise,
Which make us happy, as they make us wise:
Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass,
Till, with a gentle force, victorious Death
My solitude invade,
And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a better shade.

ON THE
DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.

THOU, happy Creature! art secure
From all the torments we endure;
Despair, ambition, jealousy,
Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee;

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A sullen prudence drew thee hence
From noise, fraud, and impertinence.
Though life essay'd the surest wile,
Gilding itself with Laura's smile,—
How did'st thou scorn life's meaner charms,
Thou who couldst break from Laura's arms!
Poor Cynic! still methinks I hear
Thy awful murmurs in my ear,
As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless crowd away.
How fondly human passions turn!
What we then envy'd now we mourn!

ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day!
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict JUDGE, who would be kind,
Shall have few *venial* faults to find!

III.

The last loud trumpet's wond'rous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

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IV.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the JUDGE with conscious eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

VI.

The JUDGE ascends His awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known;
And all with shame confess their own.

VII.

O then! what int'rest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

VIII.

THOU, mighty formidable King!
THOU, mercy's unexhausted spring!
Some comfortable pity bring.

IX.

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

X.

THOU, who for me didst feel such pain,
WHOSE precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

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XI.

THOU, whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting-day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep:—accept my tears.

XIII.

THOU, who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast giv'n me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy pray'r;
Preserve me from that dang'rous snare
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among Thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of GOD, and heirs of grace.

XVI.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My GOD! my FATHER! and my FRIEND!
Do not forsake me in my end.

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XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death;
THOU! great CREATOR of mankind!
Let guilty man compassion find.

ON

MR. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BEGONE, you slaves! you idle vermine! go,
Fly from the scourges, and your master know;
Let free impartial men from Dryden learn
Mysterious secrets of a high concern,
And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.
What can you (Rev'rend Levi!) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel; but what's that to you?
While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,
Our sects a more tyrannic pow'r assume,
And would for scorpions, change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics cast the pearls of Heav'n to swine:
What then have honest thinking men to do
But chuse a mean between th' usurping two?

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Nor can th' Egyptian Patriarch blame my Muse,
Which for his firmness does his heat excuse;
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface, sure, was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read, you'll say;
'Tis true, but so she will th' Apocrypha,
And such as can believe them freely may.

But did that God, (so little understood)
Whose darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures, and make man their king,
Yet leave his fav'rite man, his chiefest care,
More wretched than the vilest insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are *they!*
If helpless *millions* must be doom'd a prey
To yelling Furies, and for ever burn
In that sad place from whence is no return,
For *unbelief* in *one* they *never* knew,
Or for *not doing* what they *could not* do!
The very *fiends know* for *what* crime they fell,
(And so do all their foll'wers that rebel);
If then a blind well-meaning Indian stray,
Shall the great gulf be show'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the fall'n angels' room will be but ill supply'd.

That CHRIST, who at the great deciding day,
(For he declares what he resolves to say)
Will damn the *goats* for their *ill-natured* faults,
And save the *sheep* for *actions*, not for *thoughts*,—

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Hath too much mercy to send men to hell
For humble charity, and hoping well.—
To what stupidity are zealots grown,
Whose inhumanity profusely shown,
In damning crowds of souls, may damn their own.
I'll err at least on the securer side,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

SONG

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO SUNG FINELY, AND WAS AFRAID OF A COLD.

WINTER! thy cruelty extend
Till fatal tempests swell the sea:
In vain let sinking pilots pray;
Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing frost and lasting snow
Through woods and fields destruction sow!

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser ills create,
These we can bear; but, gentle Fate!
And thou bless'd Genius of our isle!
From Winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

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May that celestial sound each day
With ecstacy transport our souls,
Whilst all our passions it controuls,
And kindly drives our cares away!
Let no ungentle cold destroy
All taste we have of heav'nly joy!

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PROLOGUES, &c.

PROLOGUE

TO POMPEY. A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. CATH. PHILIPS.

From the French of Monsieur Corneille, and acted at the Theatre in Dublin.

THE mighty rivals, whose destructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Cæsar from none, but you, will have his doom;
He hates th' obsequious flatteries of Rome:
He scorns, where once he rul'd now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the world beside.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had stain'd with blood, peace flourish'd in this isle:
And you alone may boast you never saw
Cæsar till now, and now can give him law.
Great Pompey, too, comes as a suppliant here,
But says he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal justice, and (to tell
A Roman truth) he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd, when he dy'd.

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His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then, of what doubt, can Pompey's cause admit,
Since, here, so many Catos, judging, sit?
But you, bright Nymphs! give Cæsar leave to woo
The greatest wonder of the world, but you,
And hear a Muse who has that hero taught
To speak as gen'rously as e'er he fought;
Whose eloquence from such a theme, deters
All tongues, but English, and all pens but her's.
By the just Fates your sex is doubly blest!
You conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best.
And you (illustrious Sir!*) receive as due
A present Destiny reserv'd for you:
Rome, France, and England, join their forces here,
To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow,
Who gave so many crowns, bestow one now.

A PROLOGUE

SPOKEN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF YORK, AT EDINBURGH.

FOLLY and vice are easy to describe,
The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;
But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

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Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
Let England, Flanders, let all Europe speak;
Let France acknowledge, that her shaken throne
Was once supported, Sir! by you alone;
Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,
Yet trusted then, with her last desp'rate stake:
When wealthy neighbors strove with us for pow'r,
Let the sea tell how in their fatal hour,
Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
His name struck fear, his conduct won the day;
He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling prey;
And while the heav'ns were fire, and th' ocean blood,
Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.
Oh, happy Islands! if you knew your bliss,
Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his;
Express your gratitude the only way,
And humbly own a debt too vast to pay:
Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,
None e'er commanded, none obey'd so well;
While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
So loyal, so submissively resign'd,
Proclaim that such a hero never springs
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

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EPILOGUE

TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

When acted in the Theatre in Dublin.

YOU'VE seen to-night—the glory of the East,
The man, who all the then known world possest,
That kings, in chains, did *Son of Ammon* call,—
And kingdoms, thought divine, by treason fall.
Him Fortune only favor'd for her sport,
And when his conduct wanted her support,
His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.
Great Charles! whose birth has promis'd milder sway,
Whose awful nod all nations must obey,
Secur'd by higher pow'rs, exalted stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Those miracles that guard his crowns, declare
That Heav'n has form'd a monarch worth their care;
Born to advance the loyal, and depose
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
And stopp'd our prince in his triumphant way,
Fled, like a mist, before this radiant day.
So when, in heav'n, the mighty rebels rose,
Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,
Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,
GOD kept the conquest for His best BELOV'D;
At sight of such omnipotence, they fly
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.

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All who before him did ascend the throne,
Labor'd to *draw* three restive nations on;
He boldly *drives* them forward, without pain;
They hear his voice, and strait obey the rein.
Such terror, speaks him destin'd to command;
We worship Jove, with thunder in his hand,
But, when his mercy without pow'r appears,
We slight his altars, and neglect our pray'rs.
How weak in arms did Civil Discord shew!
Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe,
When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,
Like sons of Earth, all fell as soon as born.
Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride,
When with their blood our neighbor lands were [dy'd,
Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

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TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.*

'Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.'

PREFACE.

I HAVE seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader, but tell him plainly, that I think it could never be more seasonable, than now, to lay down such rules as, if they be observed, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly. But Horace must be read seriously, or not at all, for else the reader will not be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labor. I have kept as close as I could both to the meaning and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

'*Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus.*'

But, with all the respect due to the name of Ben Jonson, to which no man pays more veneration

* Printed from Dr. Rawlinson's copy, corrected by the Earl of Roscommon's own hand.

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than I, it cannot be denied, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation, (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics: but, if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace owed his favor and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius—that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those, who were the most esteemed, were the best-natured.

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HORACE

OF THE ART OF POETRY.

If in a picture, Piso! you should see
A handsome woman with a fishes tail,—
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,—
Or limbs of beasts of the most diff'rent kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,—
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and poets have been still allow'd
Their pencils and their fancies unconfin'd:
This privilege we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies,
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.
Some, that, at first, have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines
Shine through th' insipid dulness of the rest;
Here, they describe a temple or a wood,
Or streams that through delightful meadows run,—
And there, the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine;
But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
And are as much to seek in other things,
As he, that only can design a tree

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Would be, to draw a shipwreck or a storm.
When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low?
Be what you will, so you be still the same.
Most poets fall into the grossest faults,
Deluded by a seeming excellence:
By striving to be short they grow obscure,
And when they would write smoothly, they want strength;
Their spirits sink; while others, that affect
A lofty style, swell to a tympany.
Some, tim'rous wretches, start at ev'ry blast,—
And, fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore;
Others, in love with wild variety,
Draw boars in waves and dolphins in a wood.
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
Is a most certain way of erring still.
The meanest workman in th' Æmilian square
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun:
What can be more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good features in a face,
Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.
Let poets match their subject to their strength,
And often try what weight they can support,
And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.
After a serious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.

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As well the force, as ornament of verse
Consist, in chusing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muse may be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.
Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill:
You gain your point, when, by the noble art
Of good connexion, an unusual word
Is made at first familiar to our ear;
But if you write of things abstruse or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be seldom, and discreetly done:
But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the Grecian spring,
As, they may seem, to flow without constraint.
Can an impartial reader, discommend
In Varius or in Virgil, what he likes
In Plautus or Cæcilius? Why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When Ennius and Cato's copious style,
Have so enrich'd and so adorn'd our tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.
Words are like leaves, some wither ev'ry year,
And ev'ry year a younger race succeeds.
Death is a tribute all things owe to Fate;
The Lucrine mole (Cæsar's stupendous work)
Protects our navies from the raging north;
And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
We plough and reap where former ages row'd.

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See how the tiber (whose licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighb'ring fields)
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's command:
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot;
Why then, should words challenge eternity,
When greatest men and greatest actions die?
Use, may revive the obsoletest words,
And banish those that now are most in vogue.
Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.
  Homer first taught the world in epic verse
To write of great commanders and of kings.
  Elegies were at first design'd for grief,
Though now we use them to express our joy;
But to whose Muse we owe that sort of verse
Is undecided by the men of skill.
  Rage, with Iambics, arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue, and action, fit,—
And favorites of, the dramatic Muse;
Fierce, lofty, rapid,—whose commanding sound
Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit,
And whose peculiar province is the stage.
  Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the lyric song.
  Why is he honor'd with a Poet's name
Who neither knows, nor would observe a rule,
And chuses to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance and learn?
Let ev'ry thing have its due place and time,

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A comic subject, loves an humble verse;
Thyestes scorns a low and comic style;
Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her voice,
And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail.
Tragedians, too, lay by their state to grieve;
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.
He that would have spectators share his grief,
Must write, not only well, but movingly,
And raise men's passions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh as we see others do:
He only makes me sad who shews the way,
And first is sad himself: then, Telephus!
I feel the weight of your calamities,
And fancy all your miseries my own;
But if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh:
Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe;
For Nature forms and softens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,
And these are all interpreted by speech;
But he whose words and fortunes disagree,—
Absurd, unpity'd, grows a public jest.
Observe the characters of those that speak,—
Whether an honest servant or a cheat,—
Or, one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,—
Or, a grave matron, or a busy nurse,—

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Extorting merchants,—careful husbandmen,—
Argives or Thebans,—Asians or Greeks.
Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Describe Achilles as Achilles was,
Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,—
Scorning all judges, and all law, but arms:
Medea must be all revenge and blood,—
Ino all tears,—Ixion all deceit,—
Io must wander,—and Orestes mourn.
If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better chuse a well-known theme,
Than trust to an invention of your own;
For what originally others writ,
May be so well disguis'd and so improv'd,
That with some justice it may pass for yours;
But then you must not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully translate,—
Nor (as some servile imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules
As you must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.
Begin not as the old poetaster did,—
'Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate I sing.'
In what will all this ostentation end?
The lab'ring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse:
How far is this from the Mæonian style?

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'Muse! speak the man, who, since the siege of
'Troy,
'So many towns, such change of manners, saw.'
One, with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,—
The other, out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with daring miracles,—
The bloody Lestrygons, Charybdis' gulf,
And frighted Greeks, who near the Ætna shore
Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.
He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs
When he begins to write the Trojan war;
Nor, writing the return of Diomed,
Go back as far as Meleager's death:
Nothing is idle; each judicious line
Insensibly acquaints us with the plot;
He chuses only what he can improve,—
And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd,
That all seems uniform and of a piece.
Now hear what ev'ry auditor expects.
If you intend that he should stay to hear
The epilogue, and see the curtain fall:
Mind how our tempers alter in our years,
And by that rule form all your characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes ev'ry hour his wav'ring mind.
A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke,
Loves horses, hounds, and sport, and exercise,—

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Prone to all vice,—impatient of reproof,—
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
And make us slaves to interest and pow'r.
Old men are only walking hospitals,
Where all defects and all diseases crowd
With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,—
Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use;
Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past:
Thus, all the treasure of our flowing years,
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys, must not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men, the weak anxieties of age.
Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear, moves less, than what we see.
Spectators, only have their eyes to trust,—
But auditors must trust their ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
Medea, must not draw her murd'ring knife,
And spill her children's blood, upon the stage—
Nor Atreus there, his horrid feast prepare,
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphosis,
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense
I hate to see, and never can believe.
Five acts are the just measure of a play.
Never presume to make a God appear,

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But for a bus'ness, worthy of a God;
And in one scene no more than three should speak.
A chorus should supply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part,—
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
And strict observance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, security, and peace,—
And begs the Gods, who guide blind Fortune's wheel,
To raise the wretched and pull down the proud:
But, nothing must be sung between the acts,
But what, some way, conduces to the plot.
First, the shrill sound of a small rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience
Of our well-meaning frugal ancestors;
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by prosperity)
Study new arts of luxury and ease,
The verse, the music, and the scene's improv'd;
For, how should ignorance be judge of wit,
Or, men of sense applaud the jests of fools?
Then, came rich clothes and graceful action in,—
Then, instruments were taught more moving notes—
And Eloquence, with all her pomp and charms,
Foretold us useful and sententious truths,
As those deliver'd by the Delphic God.

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The first tragedians, found that serious style
Too grave for their uncultivated age,—
And, so brought wild and naked Satyrs in,
Whose motion, words, and shape, were all a farce,
(As oft as decency would give them leave,)
Because the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd such variety and antic tricks:
But then, they did not wrong themselves so much
To make a God, a hero, or a king,
(Stript of his golden crown and purple robe,)
Descend to a mechanic dialect,—
Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high
With empty sound and airy notions fly;
For Tragedy, should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.
You must not think that a satiric style
Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
Or the confounding of your characters.
Begin with truth, then give invention scope,—
And if your style be natural and smooth,
All men will try and hope to write as well,—
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good method and connexion, may
Improve the common and the plainest things.
A Satyr that comes staring from the woods,
Must not at first speak like an orator;
But, though his language should not be refin'd,

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It must not be obscene and impudent;
The better sort abhors scurrility,
And often censures what the rabble likes.
Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
But then to write at a loose rambling rate,
In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
Is such a rash ill-grounded confidence
As men may pardon, but will never praise.
Be perfect in the Greek originals;
Read them by day, and think of them by night.
But Plautus was admir'd in former time
With too much patience, (not to call it worse)
His harsh unequal verse was music then,
And rudeness had the privilege of wit.
When Thespis first expos'd the TragicMuse,
Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,
Where ghastly faces, stain'd with lees of wine,
Frighted the children, and amus'd the crowd;
This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,
And built a stage, found out a decent dress,
Brought vizards in, (a civiler disguise)
And taught men how to speak and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,
Till her licentious and abusive tongue
Waken'd the magistrate's coercive pow'r,
And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.
Our writers have attempted ev'ry way;
And they deserve our praise, whose daring Muse

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Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
And found fit subjects for her verse at home.
Nor should we be less famous for our wit
Than for the force of our victorious arms;
But that the time and care that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright poets from that necessary toil.
Democritus was so in love with wit,
And some men's natural impulse to write,
That he despis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets, till their brains were [crack'd;
And this hath so intoxicated some,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanliness and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art;
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Pass current for Apollo's livery.
O! my unhappy stars! if in the spring
Some physic had not cur'd me of the spleen,
None would have writ with more success than I;
But I must rest contented as I am,
And only serve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.
Yet, without writing, I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is,
Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.
Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;

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And when Philosophy directs your choice
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,—
And what we owe our country, parents, friends,—
How judges and how senators should act,—
And what becomes a general to do:
Those are the likest copies which are drawn
By the original of human life.
Sometimes, in rough and undigested plays,
We meet with such a lucky character
As, being humor'd right, and well pursu'd,
Succeeds much better than the shallow verse
And chiming trifles of more studious pens.
Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
For her ambition and her end was fame.
Our Roman youth is diligently taught
The deep mysterious art of growing rich,
And the first words that children learn to speak,
Are of the value of the names of coin.
Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk
Hath suck'd the basest drugs of usury,
Pretend to gen'rous and heroic thoughts?
Can rust and avarice write lasting lines?
But you, brave youth! wise Numa's worthy heir,
Remember of what weight your judgment is,
And never venture to commend a book
That hath not pass'd all judges and all tests.
A poet should instruct, or please, or both;

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Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them soon,
And faithful memories retain them long:
All superfluities are soon forgot.
Never be so conceited of your parts
To think, you may persuade us what you please,
Or venture to bring in a child alive,
That Cannibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old age explodes all but morality;
Austerity offends aspiring youths;
But he that joins instruction with delight,—
Profit with pleasure,—carries all the votes;
These, are the volumes that enrich the shops,—
These, pass with admiration through the world,
And bring their author to eternal fame.
Be not too rigidly censorious;
A string may jar in the best master's hand,
And the most skilful archer miss his aim:
But in a poem elegantly writ,
I would not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse;
But he that hath been often told his fault,
And still persists, is as impertinent
As a musician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the same note;
When such a positive abandon'd fop
(Among his numerous absurdities)
Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
I fret to see them in such company,
And wonder by what magic they came there.

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But in long works sleep will sometimes surprise:
Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.
Poems, like pictures, are of diff'rent sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near;
Some love the dark, some chuse the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;
Some please for once, some will for ever please.
But, Piso! (though your knowledge of the world,
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)
Remember this, as an important truth:
Some things admit of mediocrity;
A counsellor or pleader at the bar
May want Messala's pow'rful eloquence,
Or be less read than deep Cassellius;
Yet this indiff'rent lawyer is esteem'd;
But no authority of Gods nor men
Allow of any mean in poesy.
As an ill concert and a coarse perfume
Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
And might with more discretion have been spar'd;
So poesy, whose end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but must be still
Sublimely good or despicably ill.
In other things men have some reason left,
And one that cannot dance or fence or run,
Despairing of success, forbears to try;
But all (without consideration) write,
Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth
Can turn them into poets when they please.

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But, Piso! you are of too quick a sight
Not to discern which way your talent lies,
Or vainly with your genius to contend;
Yet, if it ever be your fate to write,
Let your productions pass the strictest hands,
Mine and your father's, and not see the light
Till time and care have ripen'd ev'ry line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend,
But words once spoke can never he recall'd.
Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human pow'r,
Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,
But men as lawless and as wild as they,
And first dissuaded them from rage and blood.
Thus, when Amphion built the Theban wall,
They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute.
Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper native use;
Some they appropriated to the Gods,
And some to public, some to private ends:
Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
Cities were built, and useful laws were made:
So great was the divinity of verse,
And such observance to a poet paid.
Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muse,
Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
To verse we owe the sacred oracles
And our best precepts of morality:
Some have, by verse, obtain'd the love of kings,

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(Who with the Muses ease their weary'd minds)
Then blush not, noble Piso! to protect
What Gods inspire, and kings delight to hear.
Some think that poets may be form'd by art,
Others maintain that Nature makes them so;
I neither see what art without a vein,
Nor wit without the help of art can do,
But mutually they crave each other's aid.
He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love;
And no musician dares pretend to skill
Without a great expence of time and pains;
But ev'ry little busy scribbler now,
Swells with the praises which he gives himself,
And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.
A wealthy poet, takes more pains to hire
A flatt'ring audience, than poor tradesmen do,
To persuade customers to buy their goods.
'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
Never delude yourself, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor,
For he'll commend and feign an ecstacy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please:
True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit;
As men that truly grieve at funerals,
Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.

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Wise were the kings, who never chose a friend,
Till, with full cups, they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.
You cannot arm yourself with too much care
Against the smiles of a designing knave.
Quintilius, if his advice were ask'd,
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more care supply the vacancy;
But if he found you fond and obstinate,
(And apter to defend than mend your faults)
With silence leave you to admire yourself,
And, without rival, hug your darling book.
The prudent care of an impartial friend,
Will give you notice of each idle line,—
Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants ornament,
Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
And, with a strict enquiry, mark your faults,
Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love.
Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will be of a most serious consequence,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
A poetaster in his raging fit,
(Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
Is dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense:
They make a lane for the polluted thing,
And fly as from th' infection of the plague,

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Or from a man whom, for a just revenge,
Fanatic Frenzy sent by Heav'n pursues:—
If (in the raving of a frantic Muse,
And minding more his verses than his way)
Any of these should drop into a well,
Though he might burst his lungs to call for help,
No creature would assist or pity him,
But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.
Give poets leave to make themselves away,
Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
Than to keep men alive against their will?
Nor was this chance, but a delib'rate choice;
For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
He would be at his frolic once again
And his pretensions to divinity.
'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege,
Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,
The rhyming fiend is sent into these men;
But they are all most visibly possess'd,
And, like a baited bear when he breaks loose,
Without distinction seize on all they meet:
None ever 'scap'd that came within their reach,
Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood;
Without remorse insatiably they read,
And never leave till they have read men dead.

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THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE
OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear Friend! needs no defence;
The surest guard is innocence:
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poison'd arrows were:

Integrity, undaunted goes
Through Libyan sands or Scythian snows,
Or, where Hydaspes' wealthy side,
Pays tribute to the Persian pride.

For as (by am'rous thoughts betray'd)
Careless in Sabine woods I stray'd,
A grisly foaming wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No beast of more portentous size
In the Hercynian forest lies;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace,
Where angry Jove did never spare
One breath of kind, and temp'rate air

Set me where on some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,

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To see the chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching country run;

The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Cælia's smiles:
All cold, but in her breast, I will despise,
And dare all heat, but that in Cælia's eyes.

THE SAME IMITATED.

VIRTUE, dear Friend! needs no defence,
No arms but its own innocence;
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

An honest mind safely, alone,
May travel through the burning zone,
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

While, rul'd by a resistless fire,
Our great Orinda* I admire,
The hungry wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

* Mrs. Catharine Philips.

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Leave me upon some Libyan plain
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

The magic of Orinda's name
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in verse.

THE SIXTH ODE.

OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans! are now become your own,
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples, which the Gods provoke,
And statues sully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke.

Propitious Heav'n, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their respect,)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect.
All empires on the Gods depend;
Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus' tell,
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,

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And, with insulting pride,
Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Egyptian scum
Had almost ruin'd Rome,—
While our seditions took their part,
Fill'd each Egyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.

First, those flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
And through the spurious breed, and guilty nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade;
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice;
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

Marry'd, their lessons she improves
By practice of adult'rous loves,
And scorns the common mean design,
To take advantage of her husband's wine,
Or snatch, in some dark place,
A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when lovers call.

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Hither a merchant from the Streights,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights;—
Or city cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs;
Convenient brutes! whose tributary flame
Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted shame.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides,—
Made the proud Asian monarch feel,
How weak his gold was, against Europe's steel,
Forc'd ev'n dire Hannibal to yield,
And won the long-disputed world, at Zama's fatal field:

But soldiers of a rustic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,—
Either, they dug the stubborn ground,
Or, through hewn woods their weighty strokes did sound;
And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labor of the day.

Time, sensibly all things impairs;
Our fathers have been worse than their's,
And we than our's; next age will see
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

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SILENUS.

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE.

The Argument.

TWO young Shepherds, Chromis and Mnasylus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprizing transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This eclogue was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasylus as the two pupils.

I FIRST of Romans, stoop'd to rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian Swains.
When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse.
A shepherd, Tityrus! his flocks should feed,
And chuse a subject suited to his reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus! and thy wars)
My past'ral tribute in low numbers pay,
And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.
But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
Thee only, Varus! our glad swains shall sing,
And ev'ry grove and ev'ry echo ring.

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Phœbus delights in Varus' fav'rite name,
And none who under that protection came
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.
Proceed, my Muse!
Young Chromis and Mnasylus chanc'd to stray
Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein:
His trusty flagon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
Dropp'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitless hope, of his instructive song;
But while, with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Ægle, the fairest Naïs of the flood,
With a vermilion dye his temples stain'd.
Waking, he smil'd, 'And must I then be chaind?
'Loose me,' he cry'd; ''twas boldly done to find,'
'And view a God,—but 'tis too bold to bind.
'The promis'd verse no longer I'll delay,
'(She shall be satisfy'd another way).'
With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
The knotty oaks their list'ning branches bow'd,
And savage beasts and sylvan Gods did crowd:
For, lo! he sung the world's stupendous birth,
How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,
And purer fire, through universal night,
And empty space did fruitfully unite;

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From whence th' innumerable race of things
By circular successive order springs.
By what degrees this earth's compacted sphere
Was harden'd, woods, and rocks, and towns, to bear;
How sinking waters (the firm land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born sun surpris'd the dazzled sight;
How vapors turn'd to clouds, obscure the sky,
And clouds dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply;
How the first forest rais'd its shady head,
Till when, few wand'ring beasts on unknown mountains fed.
Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd, with golden plenty crown'd;
And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire
Rivall'd the Sun with his own heav'nly fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endless prey,
Severely pays for animating clay.
He nam'd the nymph (for who but Gods could tell?)
Into whose arm the lovely Hylas fell.
Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost:
Hylas in vain resounds through all the coast.
He with compassion told Pasiphaë's fault,
Ah! wretched Queen? whence came that guilty thought?
The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries,
And imitated lowings fill'd the skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit,)
Did never burn with such unnat'ral heat,

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Ah! wretched Queen! while you on mountains
He on soft flow'rs his snowy side does lay, [stray,
Or seeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
'Surround, my nymphs,' she cries, 'surround
'the grove;
'Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay,
'Will to my love direct your wand'ring way;
'Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam,
'My happier rivals have entic'd him home.'
He sung, how Atalanta was betray'd,
By those Hesperian baits her lover laid;
And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
All he describ'd was present to their eyes,
And, as he rais'd his verse the poplars seem'd to
rise.
He taught, which Muse did by Apollo's will,
Guide wand'ring Gallus to th' Aönian hill:
(Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)
With deep respect the learned senate rose,
And Linus thus (deputed by the rest)
The hero's welcome and their thanks exprest:
'This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,
'To this, the Muse's gift, join thy harmonious
song;
'Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the
ground
'Have follow'd with delight the pow'rful sound.
'Thus consecrated, thy Grynæan grove
'Shall have no equal in Apollo's love,

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Why should I speak of the Megarian maid;
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
And her, who round with barking monsters arm'd,
The wand'ring Greeks (ah! frighted men!) alarm'd,
Whose only hope on shatter'd ships depends,
While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends?
Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd shape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to those woods directs her mournful course,
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force;
While, loath to leave the palace too well known,
Progné flies hov'ring round, and thinks it still her own?
Whatever near Eurota's happy stream,
With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
Silenus sings; the neighb'ring rocks reply,
And send his mystic numbers through the sky;
Till Night began to spread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted sheep from ev'ry dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing shades the murm'ring world resign'd.

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PART OF THE FIFTH SCENE OF THE SECOND ACT IN GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO, TRANSLATED.

Ah! happy grove! dark and secure retreat
Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal seat;—
How well your cool and unfrequented shade
Suits with the chaste retirements of a maid!
Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my friend,
To make my fate, upon my choice depend,
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elysium should be mine.
Fond men, by passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those idols which their fancy made;
Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;
And having all, all to ourselves refuse,—
Oppress'd with blessings which we fear to use.
Fame is, at best, but an inconstant good,
Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies.
In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more:
How happy is the harmless country-maid,
Who, rich by nature, scorns superfluous aid!
Whose modest clothes no wanton eyes invite,
But, like her soul, preserves the native white;

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Whose little store her well-taught mind does
please,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton
ease;
Who, free from storms, which on the great ones
fall;
Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;
No care, but love, can discompose her breast,—
Love! of all cares the sweetest and the best;
While on sweet grass, her bleating charge does lie,
Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;—
Not one, on whom or Gods or men impose,
But one, whom Love, has for this lover chose,—
Under some fav'rite myrtle's shady boughs,
They speak their passions in repeated vows;
And, whilst a blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns;
Thus in the arms of Love and Peace they lie,
And, while they live, their flames can never die.

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